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THE LATE MR. J. F. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, M.P.,
DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"Who would be free themselves must strike the blow" is likely to be a favourite motto with all classes after the example set by the dockyard labourers. It is even whispered that the lesson has been taken to heart in domestic circles, and is likely to be followed. The exact form that this household revolution will take has not been decided upon, but there is reason to believe that the following will be the chief points of difference. It will not be a dispute between capital and labour—because where the husband has capital the wife seldom works (except at embroidery); and when the wife has it, the husband never by any chance does a stroke of work—but simply between the heads of houses. The husbands will strike (1) for shorter holidays at the seaside with the family, and even for a run on the Continent alone [the latter, however, they know they will not get, and the suggestion will only be made to get better terms in other directions on the strength of giving it up]; (2) for the absolute exclusion of the dear baby from their sleeping apartment, or from its being brought in in the morning at an untimely hour; (3) for the right to smoke all over the house except in the drawing-room [this, again, will be put forward only in hopes of a compromise, that they may smoke in the dining-room after dinner without being evicted into the study]; (4) for the privilege of bringing home male friends, not exceeding three in number, to dine without other warning than a telegraphic communication; (5) for the right to choose the domestic servants [this, of course, is the merest "bluff," as though the dockyard labourer should demand a guinea an hour, but the object is to prevent the cook being a "plain" one]; (6) for forgiveness in having lost the latchkey, and coming in with the milk in the morning, on the delicate and thoughtful pretence of not liking to disturb the household by ringing it up [this, too, will be obviously advanced with an eye to compromise]; (7) and, finally, for the right to use strong language in case of all these reasonable propositions being decidedly and distinctly rejected.

I have not heard what the wives have decided to strike about; nor do I know, of my personal knowledge, that they have anything to complain of. Any movement in that direction seems to me quite uncalled for, and liable to promote dispute where all should be peace and quietness; but, when I ventured to say so to a female leader of the projected movement, she replied sweetly, "Your remark reminds me of the capitalist who made £20,000 a year out of his workmen, and when asked to give them an extra sixpence a day and reduce their hours of labour from 16 to 15½, replied, 'Good heavens, sir, would you paralyse Capital, and drive Commerce out of the country?'" I wonder what she meant.

What a charming thing it must be—if one is to believe the *Spectator* (which I always do)—to be an American editor!—not the newspaper ones ("Hooray! cowhided again!"), but he who conducts a magazine. He lives, it appears, "in a palace." His visitors, "stepping into an elevator, which is in continual movement"—a circumstance which must relieve him of the nervous contributor, to begin with—"presently find themselves in a vestibule leading into a suite of splendid rooms. The walls are adorned"—but never mind the walls. "There is a general effect of artistic elegance and literary repose"—but I pass by that, and even the telephonic communication through which your name is "cordially received, though the editor never heard it before." This is what takes my breath away: "A pretty girl with a flower at her breast asks your business." I really can't go on! The imagery is too Eastern. This excess of literary luxury seems to defeat itself. How could we talk of business—"copy," the number of words to the page; what is a Page compared with a Handmaiden of this kind!—how tear ourselves away from such a being to the presence of the Editor, though doubtless in a scarlet dressing-gown, "with a golden pen and heaped-up flowers upon which to lean"! And yet to think that there are some American magazine editors (though it is fair to say not those such as the *Spectator* describes) which publish the works of English authors without paying for them!—Jonathan Wilds of Literature, who dwell, like these others for all I know, in golden palaces, attended by nymphs who "convey" to them "early sheets" upon waiters of pure malachite; and with smart maxims upon the walls in diamonds about "Honesty being the best policy" until you have tried the other.

The account of the English magazine editor is quite in another key. He is approached, it seems, "through a labyrinth of long passages, and up and down little staircases, until you come to a row of small rooms bearing a striking resemblance to rabbit hutches," in one of which he grovels. His manners, I fear, are on a piece with his surroundings, for though we are told "the American editor is as accessible and affable as an American President," nothing is said about them. On the other hand, this rough and bearish creature does pay his contributors, no matter to what nation they may belong.

An able critic, in commenting upon Mr. Balfour's statement that the love of books is "a sovereign specific for dissipating the petty cares and troubles of life," goes on to say that "in great misfortunes, however, the world of books is as unreal and flat to us as if it were a world of shadows." This is, of course, a matter of personal experience; but, so far as mine goes, the assertion seems as untrue as though one said that in times of great agony the injection of morphia, or the inhalation of chloroform, is useless. It is just when we are overcome with misery that an enthralling book is most welcome. I have had my troubles like other men, but always found, no matter in how severe ones, some "surcease of pain" in it: it enables one, if not to tide over the immediate shock, at least to forget it for the moment; so much relief as that Scripture allows even to wine, and the book, unlike the stimulant, leaves no subsequent depression behind it. Its greatest

benefit is, however, in the dread hours of suspense. If it is possible to divorce the mind at all from that most monopolising of human ills, it is by projecting it, not into "a world of shadows," but into another world than our own, inhabited by beings neither "unreal" nor "flat," but who have nothing personally to do with us. Of course, if the critic is too "cultured," and tries Kant's "Philosophy," or the ninety and nine other best books, instead of the enthralling ones, it is not to be wondered at that he finds but cold comfort in them: if a man will read "to improve his mind," and not to improve himself, he must take the consequences.

An "interesting discovery" is said to have been made in India—no less than that of the lost books of Euclid, of which a Sanskrit translation has turned up at Jeypore. This will puzzle some people who associate that author's works with figures only, and be a great blow to our boys. It always seemed to me, when I was at school, that the one thing which prevented one's taking a pessimistic view of human life was that some at least of the ancient classics were lost beyond redemption; enough and to spare remained, it is true, to put optimism out of the question, but, thanks to the burning of the Alexandrian Library, the disinclination to pay the fancy price originally demanded by the Sibyl, to mice, moth, and other providential circumstances, the weight of learning which we had to bear (and which was by no means worn "like a flower") was not so great as it might have been. Our boys are better off than we were in many ways, and may be able to regard this unexpected addition to their troubles with equanimity, if not with the same satisfaction that Sheridan exhibited on hearing that the lost tribes of Israel had been discovered: "I am very glad to hear it, for I have long exhausted the patience of the others."

Whether Mr. Benzon's book will effect that reformation in parents and guardians which appears to be its object is doubtful, but it really has some instruction in it. It teaches the Jockey Club, if they are not too proud to follow a colonial example, how to rid our racecourses of one of their greatest pests—the welsher. Once a year, it seems, the Victorian Race Club calls the leading members of the ring together, and satisfies itself by the inspection of his banking-books, and other evidences, of the financial position of each bookmaker. They then give him a license, for which he pays £50, in right of which he wears a medal, which is a sign of solvency; the second and third class bookmakers pay £25 and £10 respectively, and have also a decoration. Thus those who bet can choose the class to wager with, and be certain of their money if they win it. Upon the whole the Plunger speaks well of our bookmakers, and has even a good-natured word to say for the sixty-per-cent gentry who have accommodated him so largely on these excellent terms. He does not mind the Unjust Steward if he will only sit down and write quickly, but the delays of the law are intolerable to him. The family solicitor, this young gentleman has the audacity to say, is "about the worst man to whom a fellow hard up can apply for assistance; for though he charges only six per cent, increased to eight if it is not paid up to the day, he has the most outrageous notions about what he is pleased to call his costs," and he is also uncommonly slow. A good many things may be urged against Mr. Ernest Benzon and his fruitless pursuit of the "oof bird," but no one can say any more than of his prototype the Prodigal that he is not frank.

Only a few readers—used to the stronger meat of Fiction—like to have their blood curdled, while a good many delight in having their feelings harrowed. This joy they will find in "The Scotts of Bestminster," where a baby takes half a volume to die in, and invalids of all kinds abound. The novel has, however, other merits which will appeal to a more general public. Admirable descriptions of life in India, photographic portraits of the inhabitants of a country town, interested in little else than electioneering, and prostrate at the feet of the county. Then, quite unexpectedly, a record of existence on a desolate island, where half a dozen male and female Crusoes pass an exciting time of three whole years, with an original melodramatic incident in it, worth all the money paid (to the circulating library) for most three-volume novels. Now in rags and shoes of straws, and now in gorgeous dressing-gowns and bridal attire (the proceeds of other people's shipwrecks), they experience all the ups and downs of life, just as if they were in the world, and never forget that they are ladies and gentlemen. The reflection that their respective husbands and wives in England are pretty sure to have married somebody else in the interim is the only one that seriously disturbs their equanimity, and it does not do so without reason. For seaside reading "The Scotts of Bestminster" is strongly to be recommended.

Among the Post Office records of the year is found this gem. A native of India, having cremated his brother in England, was naturally desirous of having his ashes dropped into the sacred Ganges; but, though bent on piety, he had a frugal mind, and applied to the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand as to the cost of posting them. The authorities replied that they should be happy to accommodate the deceased by parcel post, supposing his weight did not exceed eleven pounds. Unhappily it did, and thereupon his relative seems to have given himself up to despair. But surely the combined intelligence of himself and the Postmaster-General might have suggested his sending his brother in two parcels. In ordinary cases sentiment might have interfered with his plan: our relatives only "cut up" well with reference to their testamentary acts; but in the case of ashes—especially since they were eventually to be thrown into the river—one really cannot see what objection there could have been to their separation during transmission.

It is always a disagreeable thing to be "put down" with ridicule when one has made an observation in which we ourselves have seen nothing to laugh at. Years ago, when I was

told that somebody had come down the Niagara rapids in a barrel, I said: "Dear me! it must have been rather a drop, down those Falls." The reception that sympathising remark met with from some travelled friends I shall not easily forget. One of them afterwards took me aside: "You must not mind our laughing at you, old fellow. To anyone who has seen Niagara the idea of such a proceeding could not but strike them as absurd; you might just as well have said: 'It must be rather a drop—from the moon.'" Well, now a man has come over the Falls in a barrel, I want to know where the apology due to me is to drop from? In future I shall say just what I like about everything, even to people who have been all round the world.

THE COURT.

The seventy-fourth annual gathering and games of the Braemar Royal Highland Society were given, on Sept. 5, at Old Mar Lodge, by permission of the Duke of Fife. The contests were held immediately in front of the old baronial mansion, and were largely patronised by the inhabitants on Deeside. The Queen honoured the event with her presence, arriving shortly after three o'clock, when she received a hearty reception. With the Queen were Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Princess Alice, and Lord Knutsford. The Duke and Duchess of Fife were present from Mar Lodge, in the capacity of host and hostess. The weather was most delightful. The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at the Castle on the 6th. His Royal Highness was met at Ballater Station by Captain Walter Campbell, and received by a guard of honour of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, commanded by Colonel Money. Lord Knutsford had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. The Dowager Lady Churchill and the Hon. Evelyn Paget left, and the Dowager Duchess of Athole and the Hon. Adaline Loftus arrived as Lady in Waiting and Maid of Honour respectively to her Majesty. On the 7th Prince George of Wales visited her Majesty on his way to Mar Lodge. The following had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family: Lord Knutsford, Colonel Euan Smith, Consul-General of Zanzibar, and Mrs. Euan Smith, and the Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod. Divine service was performed at the Castle on Sunday morning, the 8th, in presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. Donald Macleod, of Park Church, Glasgow, one of her Majesty's chaplains, officiated. Lord Knutsford and the Rev. Donald Macleod had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Monday Prince Albert Victor of Wales visited the Queen on his way to Mar Lodge. The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Henry of Battenberg went out deer-stalking. In the afternoon her Majesty went out driving with Princess Alice of Hesse. Princess Beatrice rode with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse. Her Majesty has taken drives daily.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Mr. Sassoon, arrived in London from Homburg on Sept. 5. His Royal Highness visited the Comedy Theatre on the evening of the 6th, and next morning left London to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Brooke, at Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Essex. The Prince returned to town on the 9th, leaving in the evening for Mar Lodge, the Braemar residence of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, arriving there next day. This is the first visit paid by his Royal Highness to his daughter since her marriage. His Royal Highness, who was accompanied by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), drove from Ballater Railway Station to Mar Lodge in a phaeton, sent by the Queen from Balmoral. The Prince will enjoy the sport of deer-stalking in the Duke of Fife's extensive deer forest, where there is, this season, an abundant herd of deer in fine condition.

THE LATE MR. J. F. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, M.P.

The London County Council has been very suddenly deprived of the services of Mr. Firth, its recently elected Deputy Chairman, whose office, with the salary of £2000 a year, was to have been charged with the management of complicated details of executive and administrative business, exceeding that of the late Metropolitan Board of Works. He was the eldest son of Mr. J. Bottomley, of Matlock, and was born near Huddersfield in 1842. He was a graduate of the University of London, and was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1866, joining the North-Eastern Circuit. He married, in 1873, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. George Tatham, who was Mayor of Leeds 1830-3, and assumed the name of Firth by Royal license in the same year. Mr. Firth sat on the London School Board for Chelsea from 1876 to 1879, and for many years took an active part in the movement for the municipal reform of London, on which subject he wrote a considerable volume. He was also president of the Municipal Reform League. Mr. Firth was elected in 1880, in conjunction with Sir Charles Dilke, M.P. for the undivided borough of Chelsea; but in 1885 he was defeated in the contest for the newly created borough of North Kensington by Sir Roper Lethbridge, the present Conservative member. On Mr. Lacaita's resignation, in February 1888, Mr. Firth was elected M.P. for Dundee. He was also a member of the London County Council, of which he was elected Deputy Chairman. Mr. Firth leaves a widow and two infant children. Having gone to Switzerland for a short tour, apparently in good health, he died at Chamonix from the effect of a sunstroke, at the age of forty-seven.

The work of revising the electoral lists has begun in several of the London divisions, including the City, the Strand, the Tower Hamlets, and North Islington.

Mr. Quilter, M.P., has given £2000 to the Felixstowe Convalescent Home. He has sent two artisans from Woodbridge to the Paris Exhibition to see the improvements in the silk manufactures and in wood-carving, with a view to developing these two industries, which at one time were successfully carried out in Suffolk.

The scullers' race for the championship of the world and £500 a side, as well as for the *Sportsman* Challenge Cup (presumed to represent the Championship of England), was rowed on Sept. 9 from Putney stone bridge to the Ship at Mortlake, between Henry E. Searle, of Clarence River, New South Wales, and William O'Connor, of Toronto, Dominion of Canada, champion of America, and resulted in an easy victory for the former, who thus retains his title of Champion of the World.

The Irish Registrar-General's annual report shows that the estimated population of Ireland in the middle of last year was 4,777,534, being a decrease of 55,000 during the year, but against a portion of this decrease there is a set-off in emigration. Both absolutely and in proportion to the estimated population, the marriages, births, and deaths are under the annual average for the preceding ten years. The number of emigrants was 78,684, of whom 41,310 were males and 37,374 females.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by Mr. H. Gladstone, Sir James Carmichael, Sir E. Watkin, and the Rev. H. Drew, ascended the Eiffel Tower on Sept. 7. M. Eiffel himself acting as their conductor. The party remained until noon, and before leaving Mr. Gladstone signed his name in the register of the *Figaro*, in which he was shown the signatures of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family. In the evening a banquet was given by M. Jules Simon, M. Léon Say, and other gentlemen at the Hôtel Continental in honour of Mr. Gladstone, at which some 150 persons were present. Mr. Gladstone attended Divine service on Sunday morning, the 8th, at the British Embassy Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, the Rev. T. Howard Gill officiating. On Monday morning Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, accompanied by Sir Edward Watkin, M.P., Sir James Carmichael, and the Rev. H. Drew, left Paris for England.—Nearly 304,000 persons visited the Paris Exhibition on Sunday, the largest number on any day since the opening.—The Municipal Council of Paris gave a banquet at the Hôtel de Ville to Mr. Edison on the 9th. About 150 persons, including several electrical engineers of note, were present.—An important horse show has been held in the Champs Elysées, Paris, where some of the best Norman, Breton, and Percheron breeds were exhibited, as well as some fine horses from England, Belgium, Russia, Holland, and even Egypt.—There assembled in Paris on the 11th a meeting of representatives of the various countries which compose what is known as the Latin Union. France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Greece compose this Union, which was renewed, in November, 1885, for five years, with the understanding that the Union will lapse on Jan. 1, 1891, if notice be given in the interval. Each country would then be called upon to redeem the silver currency coined by its Mints in gold.

The Marquis de Molins, leader of the Conservative Party in the Upper House of Madrid, died suddenly on Sept. 5. He was known not only as a distinguished politician but as a man of literary merit of no common order. He was born in 1813, was a Grandee of Spain, and a Knight of the First Class of the Order of the Golden Fleece. He was also the holder of innumerable grand crosses of both Spanish and foreign orders.

The German Emperor, the Empress, Prince Albert of Prussia, and a large military suite left Wild-park Station, Potsdam, on Sept. 5, for Dresden, where they were cordially welcomed by King Albert, the Royal Saxon Princes, and other persons of distinction. Their Majesties, who were received with the greatest enthusiasm by the populace, drove to the palace, where, with the Princes and Princesses, they dined *en famille* at seven. The streets of the beautiful Saxon capital were charmingly decorated. The great sham fight of the Saxon Army Corps took place on the 7th at Oschatz. The Emperor and King Albert, with a brilliant suite, went to the scene of action by rail, and mounted their horses at the station. Their Majesties followed the movements of the troops with great attention, and the Emperor, who looked in good health, repeatedly left the side of his Royal host, in order to watch the advance of the columns. After the fight he expressed to Prince George of Saxony his entire satisfaction. Their Majesties then returned to Dresden, where there was a banquet in the palace.—Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador in London, who arrived at Berlin on the 8th, proceeded early next morning to visit Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruh.

It is officially announced that the Emperor of Austria has accepted Baron Kraus's resignation of the Governorship of Bohemia, and has appointed Count Thun as his successor in that post.—The Empress Elizabeth and her unmarried daughter, Archduchess Valérie, arrived on Sept. 6 at Trient, in the Southern Tyrol.

The Sultan of Turkey gave special audiences on Sept. 6 to Sir William White, the British Ambassador; Baron Calice, the Austrian Ambassador; M. Borchgrave, the Belgian Minister; and M. Beernaert, the Belgian Minister of Finance. His Majesty conferred upon the last-named the Grand Cordon of the Osmanieh Order, and upon Madame Beernaert the Chefakat Order.

The nomination of Mr. Elwin Palmer, C.M.G., as successor to Sir Edgar Vincent in the post of Financial Adviser to the Government of his Highness the Khedive of Egypt, has given great satisfaction in Egypt.

The President of the United States has decided not to summon a Session of Congress before the regular date of meeting in December.—Graham's feat of traversing Niagara in a barrel has been surpassed. Steve Brodie went over in a rubber suit, and escaped alive. Brodie is the man who jumped from Brooklyn Bridge a few years ago. At about daylight on Sept. 7 he went to a point about 600 ft. above the Falls accompanied by two friends. They padded his body heavily with cotton and surrounded it with steel bands, and then pulled over all a rubber suit, and finally placed him in the water with two paddles, with which he was to keep himself upright and steer. He was whirled rapidly to and over the Falls. His friends were watching below. For fully two minutes after he disappeared he remained invisible amid the mist and foam at the foot of the Falls. Suddenly a small black spot was seen tossing like a cork in the seething mass of waters, whisked first to the American shore, then to the Canadian side, at a bewildering speed. As it neared the latter a man plunged in and, casting a rope about Brodie, pulled him ashore. He was insensible, and blood was oozing from his ears, nose, and mouth. He was stripped and given brandy and ammonia, and slowly recovered consciousness. He was believed at first to be fatally injured, but a careful examination showed that his injuries are confined to a severe strain of the left ankle and back, and many bruises all over the body.

The Soldiers' Industrial Exhibition was opened at Poonah by the Duke of Connaught on Sept. 4. The Duchess, the Governor, and a large number of Europeans were present.—An important despatch has been received by the Indian Government from Major-General Sir G. S. White, commanding the force in Upper Burma, on the state of affairs in that country. After speaking in the highest terms of the conduct of the troops, both British and native, the despatch states that under the energetic administration of Sir C. Crosthwaite the British hold on the country has been firmly established. There is increased security for life and for property, and the material prosperity of the country has been advanced, soldiers and civilians both having worked heartily for the benefit of the people.

An Imperial Decree has been issued sanctioning the construction of a railway from Peking to Hankow, and orders have been given for the commencement of the work.—The Yellow River has again burst its banks, this time in the Shantung province, at a place much below the spot at which last year's inundations took place.

The death is announced at Melbourne of the Hon. Sir James Lorimer, Minister of Colonial Defence for Victoria.

The Legislative Assembly of New South Wales has approved the continuance of the San Francisco mail service for another year from November next.

THE LATE MR. E. LAMAN BLANCHARD.

The death of this gentleman—a clever, tasteful, and ingenious writer for the London theatres and an able critic of theatrical performances during the past half-century—is much regretted by a host of personal friends, to whom he was justly endeared by his kind and genial disposition. He was born in 1820, son of Mr. William Blanchard the comedian, a leading member of the Kembles' company at Covent-Garden. While yet in his teens he began to write plays, farces, and burlesques for the minor theatres, and soon after coming of age produced a quantity of other literary work, short stories, sketches and essays, two novels—"Temple Bar" and "The Man Without a Destiny"—besides descriptive guide-books, an edition of Shakspeare, and one of "England and Wales Delineated." He also edited the *New London Magazine*, *Chambers' London Journal*, and the *Astrologer*, a curious magazine of occult prophetic science. Amid these various occupations he made a hit at the Olympic with his humorous one-act farce "The Artful Dodger," which was followed by many successful compositions for the theatres; but it was mainly by his great facility and dexterity in contriving the opening acts for the Christmas pantomimes at Drury-Lane that Mr. Laman Blanchard's reputation was established. For nearly forty years, under the successive managements of Mr. E. T. Smith, Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton, and Mr. Augustus Harris, Mr. Blanchard furnished pantomimic openings full of telling effects and written in smoothly rhymed couplets, teeming with fun and frolic, but never offending by coarseness or slang. He was also on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* as dramatic critic from 1863 until his retirement



THE LATE MR. E. LAMAN BLANCHARD, DRAMATIST.

not long ago; while to the pages of the *Era Almanack* he contributed a valuable record of contemporary theatrical history. He formed the idea of continuing Genest's "History of the Stage" down to our own time, and no one could have been more competent for the undertaking.

THE TRADE OF SIAM.

Siam, like other Eastern countries at the present moment, exhibits signs of commercial prosperity, in which British merchants take the largest share. According to Mr. Gould's last report from Bangkok, while German tonnage decreased 19,939 tons, that under the British flag increased by 26,585 tons. At present the carrying trade is as to 63 per cent British, 21 per cent German, and 8 per cent Siamese. The exports of Bangkok were larger than any previous year, amounting to 16,342,026 dols., mainly on account of the very large export of rice, which reached 449,589 tons. There was also an increase in teak, due to the favourable state of the river, which admitted of larger quantities being floated down; the trade in bullocks also showed an enormous development, amounting to 27,118, against 15,263 in 1887. These figures relate only to the seaborne trade from Bangkok, and do not include the trade with Burmah, which is said to be larger than that by sea. To check the trade in stolen cattle, which was very large, a regulation was made that no bullock could be exported without papers signed by the local officials showing that the animal belonged to the vendor. But this has remained a dead letter, probably because 25,000 blank sale-papers were clandestinely obtained from the Government Printing Office by the cattle dealers. Vegetable dye materials—gamboge, indigo, &c.—in Siam, as elsewhere in the Tropics, show no increase, on account of the increasing employment of chemical dyes. The railway surveys for possible lines to Chiengmai and other northern and eastern provinces of Siam, initiated by Sir Andrew Clarke, are being rapidly carried out by a large staff of surveyors. Sapphire and ruby diggings also proceed with fair success. Most of the rubies are small, and have the same fault as the sapphires, being as a rule too dark. The commoner stones go to Switzerland, the better class to India. Both sorts are now found over a wide tract of country; the diggers are all natives of Pegu, as they alone are able to withstand the bad malarial fevers of the diggings. Chinese coolie immigration is on the increase.

The sale of the Duke of Devonshire's shorthorns at Holker Hall realised nearly £4000.

The thirty-third annual report of the Commissioners of her Majesty's Customs gives much information which is interesting, as showing the increase in trade, and many exhaustive statistics bearing upon the revenue it collects.

At the autumnal meeting of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, held on Sept. 7 at the asylum in the Caledonian-road, Holloway, it was reported that at the present time 164 Scottish orphans are maintained and educated in the asylum, and since the opening of the institution nearly 3000 boys and girls have been efficiently instructed, clothed, and fed within its walls.

"A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS."

"A mad world, my masters," and a world of their own making, is the Novelists' World, though they are careful to impress upon us, with "damnable iteration," that 'tis their cue to reproduce the scenes of "real life," and to make up their *dramatis personæ* in the exact likeness of ordinary mortals. In this assertion, however, they wrong themselves—and us; *themselves* by not doing justice to their liveliness of imagination, and *us* by impugning our accuracy of judgment. But it is of no use, Messieurs the Novelists: your asseverations fall upon incredulous ears; for, in the name of common-sense, what is there identical between our jog-trot every-day and superficially monotonous world and that other world of surprises, explosions, contradictions, and coincidences which you have called into existence? A world of melodramatic situations and unexpected dénouements—where all the usual causes of action are reversed—where the word that would clear up everything is never said, and the step that would lead to a satisfactory understanding is always taken too late—where letters invariably wander astray, and the wrong persons crop up at the wrong times and in the wrong places—where things always go contrary, as the children say, and people exist for no other ostensible object than to cross other people's paths and spoil other people's games. Who could really wish to be one of the inhabitants of this *monde imaginaire*? Think of the "critical conjunctures" which wrinkle their brows with premature old age! Think of the terrible "passions" which shake their attenuated frames! Think of the plots which threaten them with sudden destruction—of the skeletons whose dry bones are always rattling in their closets! And think of the very bad company in which they always involve themselves!

In this World of the Novelists, Love seems to play the leading part. It directs, inspires, and settles—or *unsettles*—everything. Other passions flourish there, of course, but they are all subordinate to this *primum mobile*. Human effort seems wholly directed to two great objects—either to enable Jack to marry Jill, or to prevent him from doing so. In the comedy of life, as it is played around us, I cannot see that Love fills so very large a place; but in the Novelists' World it seems to take a kind of social upheaval or cataclysm to marry off an ordinary young couple—who are tossed about like shuttlecocks or a member of Parliament's pledges, and exposed to as prolonged a series of trials as Odysseus and his son Telemachus in the Homeric poem; but generally come up, smiling and radiant, in the last chapter, to the sound of marriage-bells. Alas for the fatal family feuds which too often interpose between the loving pair! Why is it—oh, why—that Juliet always *will* fall in love with Romeo, and embroil him and herself and their respective "houses" in five acts of misadventure and misery? Wherefore this irony of fate (as the poets call it), this "cussedness" (to borrow a word from our kin over the sea)?

'Tis passing strange—in the Novelists' World—how Romeo and Juliet first come together. Sometimes Juliet is rocking on a swing, or straddling across a stile, or climbing over a garden-wall—in each case exhibiting an abnormal extent of well-fitting hose—and Romeo, dazzled by the charming spectacle, immediately (according to the author of "Molly Bawn") falls desperately in love. Or her steed runs away, depositing her in a swoon and in Romeo's arms prior to its leaping into a disused quarry. Or Romeo first sees her at a ball. Heavens! what grace, what beauty! He seeks and obtains an introduction. *He* stammers commonplaces; *she* murmurs brief replies. *He* looks ardently; *she* drops her eyelids shyly. Such looks and tones, as George Eliot says, bring "the breath of poetry with them into a room that is half-stifling with glaring gas and hard flirtation." A dance is vacant on her programme: it is his! Ecstasy! With what impatience he waits his turn; then "encircles with his arm that perfect waist"; the music strikes up; they are off; they whirl round and round "as if they were floating upon roseate clouds"—and are blest!

Sometimes the fair maid who is to share his throne King Cophetua discovers butter-making, in "a cool, fresh dairy," and his heart is caught by a vision of "a plump, rounded arm and shapely hand" (you will remember Arthur Donnithorne and Hetty Sorrel?) Or she is standing in a conservatory, bending her arm upwards to reach a half-opened rose, and, beholding "the dimpled elbow" and "the graceful curves that lessen down to the delicate waist," he is lost! Or it may be that he is sitting (like Lancelot in "Yeast") on his "pawing and straining horse," after a hard day's work with the hounds, staring at a little chapel, when the door opens and forth she comes—She, the inevitable She—and "that face and figure, and the spirit which speaks through them, enter his heart at once, never again to leave it." Or (like Philip Beaufort in "Night and Morning") he sees her in the office of a matrimonial agency; she puts aside her veil as she passes him, revealing a "fair and noble countenance," and Philip feels "a strange thrill at his heart as, with a slight inclination of her head, she turns from the room."

In the Novelists' World one often has occasion to follow some gentle damsel through a marvellous cycle of sufferings and misadventures. An only daughter, beautiful, clever, accomplished; her father, reputed to be wealthy, dies suddenly, and leaves her penniless. She goes a-governessing, fascinates the eldest son of the family (as governesses always do), nobly refuses his proffered hand and heart, but is nevertheless discharged (with half a year's wage as solatium); vainly seeks another situation; falls into despair and into the Serpentine; is saved by a stalwart, fair-bearded stranger, who proves to be the wealthy uncle (from Chicago) of the aforesaid eldest son. As a matter of course he falls in love with the rescued maiden, but through untoward circumstances loses sight of her; is thrown off his horse, and carried, with a broken leg, to the nearest hospital, where the nurse who attends him—a ministering angel—is She! He recovers; and the last chapter, over which the susceptible reader dries his streaming eyes, breathes the fragrance of orange-blossoms.

But I need not enter further into details. Is it not clear that the world to which most of us belong is, happily, a much tamer and less exciting region than that world of mystery and marvel, melodrama and matrimony, which the writers of fiction have invented? We have our tragedies, God knows; but the very sensation they excite is a proof of their rare occurrence, and, indeed, it is the quiet, uneventful tenour of real life that sends us in search of the stimulating events which crowd the pages of the romancist. W. H. D.-A.

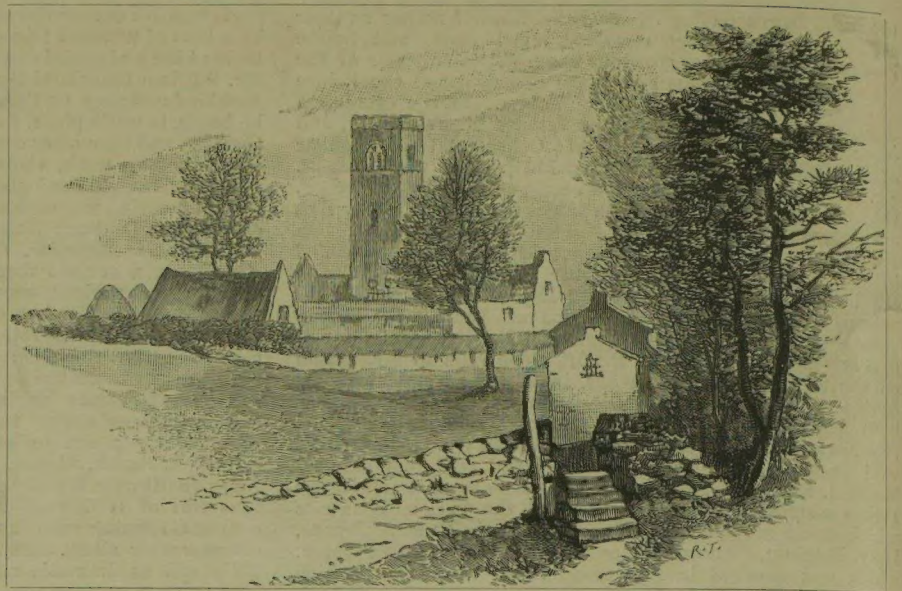
St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, which had been closed for cleaning, has been reopened for Divine service.

Her Majesty's sloop *Espiègle* has returned to Honolulu, after having annexed two islands in the Manihiki group in the Eastern Pacific.

It is officially announced that Mr. Chaplin is to be the first president of the newly established Board of Agriculture, with a seat in the Cabinet. Sir James Caird, K.C.B., has been appointed a member of the Privy Council, and also a Commissioner of the Board. Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Leach has been appointed Secretary to the Board, and has been made a C.B.



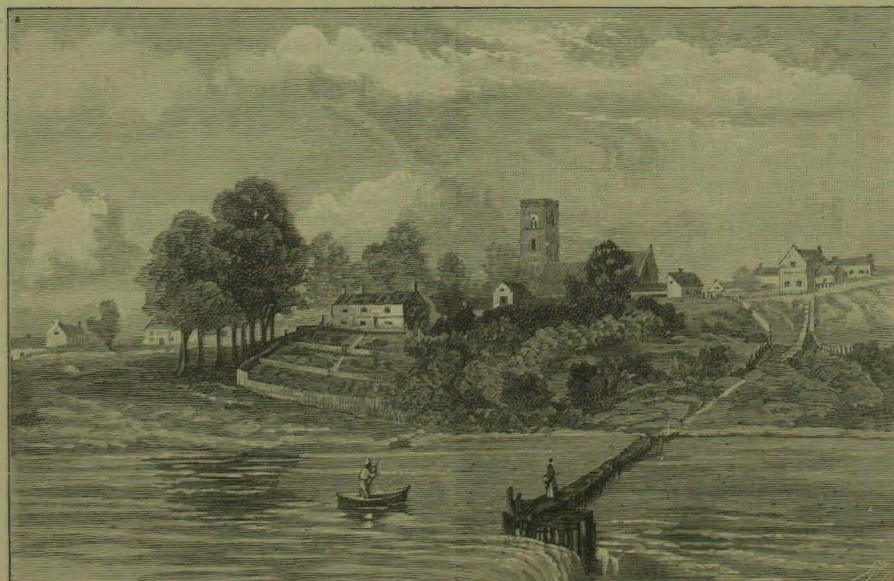
PRUDHOE CASTLE, FROM THE PATH TO ELTRINGHAM.



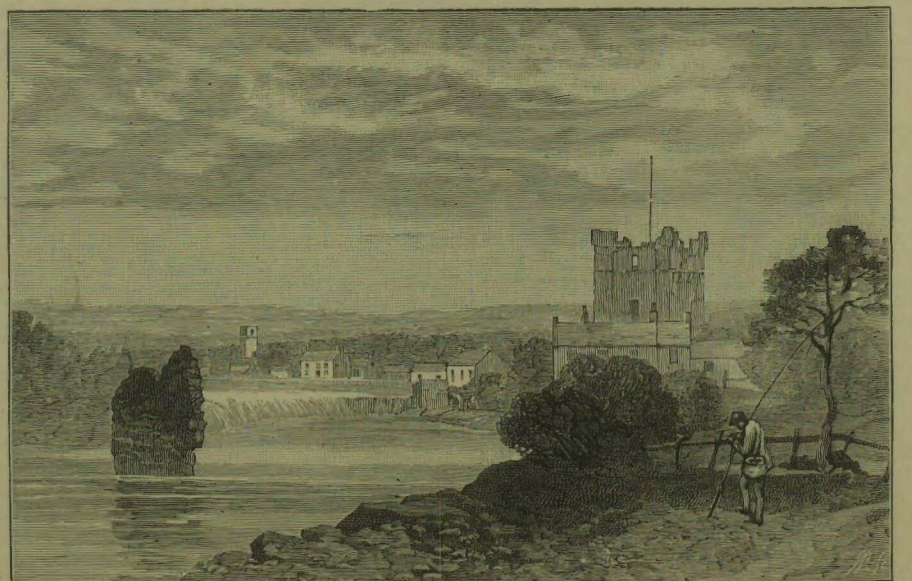
OVINGHAM, FROM THE WEST.



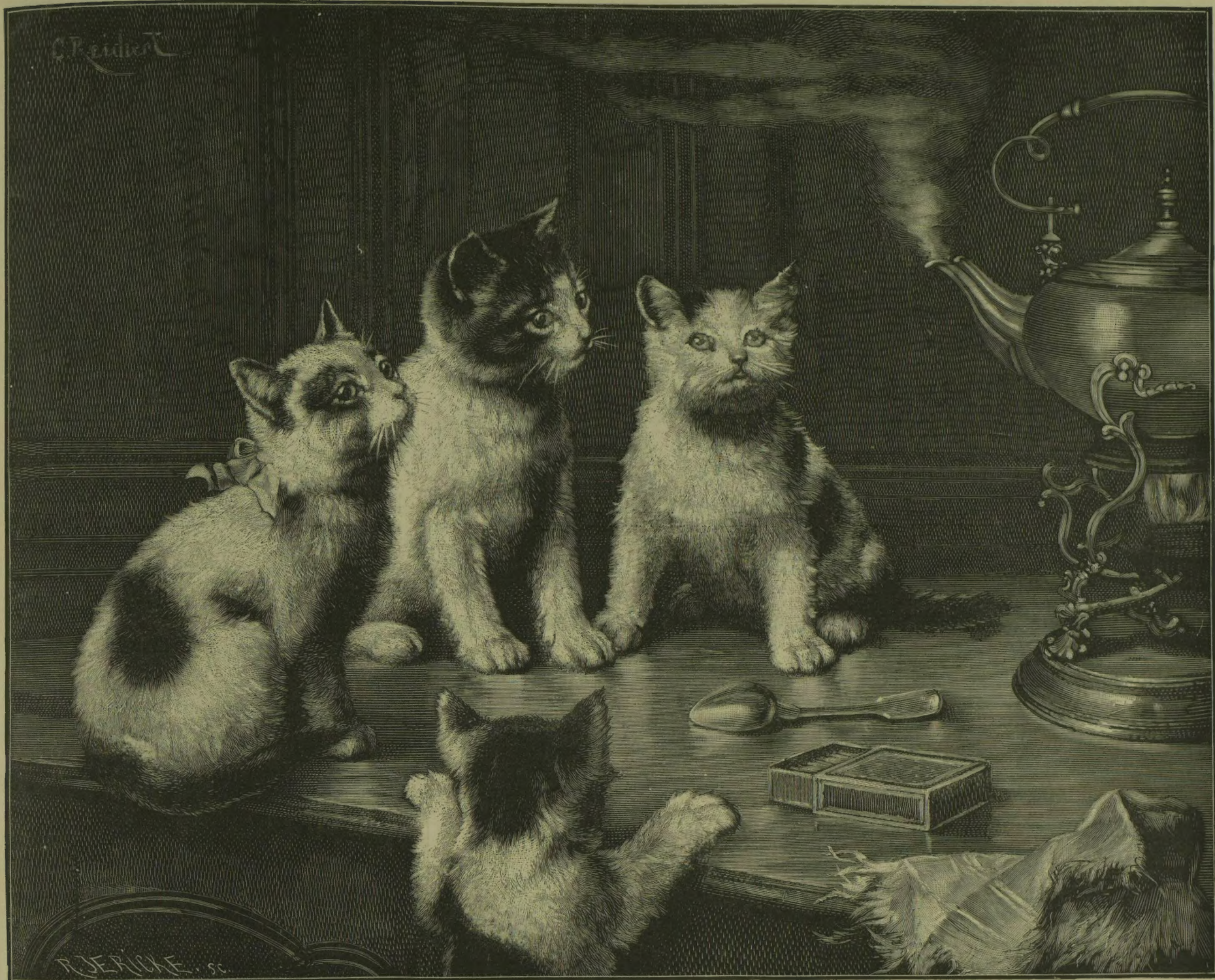
PRUDHOE CASTLE, FROM THE SOUTH.



OVINGHAM, FROM THE SOUTH.



BYWELL.



"THE POWER OF SOUND."—PICTURE BY C. REICHERT.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT NEWCASTLE PRUDHOE CASTLE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

The British Association, which assembled at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Wednesday last, will find that city and its neighbourhood greatly changed since they last met there a quarter of a century ago. "Canny Newcastle" itself has become a cathedral city, old Tyne Bridge has disappeared, and now sea-going ships can steam under the High Level Bridge, and bring down the big guns that are made at the great factory that has grown up at Elswick. The search for "black diamonds" on the banks of "coaly Tyne" has extended farther west, and now a smoky shroud envelops the banks and braes where Thomas Bewick and George Stephenson went bird's-nesting. Prudhoe Castle, one of the places to be visited by the Association, now looks down upon a colliery village; and an iron bridge now spans the Tyne at Ovingham, where Bewick once went angling. This last, if it adds nothing to the beauty of the landscape, is of great use to the inhabitants, for the Tyne at this place was formerly impassable in times of flood. The modern roof of Ovingham Church has apparently dwarfed the old Saxon tower, as we see it figured in so many of Bewick's vignettes. The spirit of change is all around, but Prudhoe Castle is unaltered.

When the Roman legions were building their great wall from sea to sea, the banks of the river Tyne would be dense forests abounding in wolves and wild boars. The waters of Whittle Dean, which now supply the wants of Newcastle, then formed a powerful stream rushing from the Northern uplands down to the Tyne, which it joined at Ovingham. This torrent had scooped out for itself a broad basin near the north-west of the village, where its waters rolled and eddied and then spread into a small lake before entering the river. On the high ground overlooking this pleasant stretch of waters, where Ovingham Church now stands, the Saxons founded a village, and the sept or family of the Offings, or sons and daughters of Offa, gave their name to the place, just as the Eldrings, or sons and daughters of Eldric, settled at the neighbouring hamlet of Eltringham. The forest was cleared as population increased. Holy men came from Hexham and built a church, for Christianity had spread, and it is supposed that St. Wilfrid himself selected Ovingham as a fitting site for a temple of the new worship. Long before this the fierce hordes north of the Roman wall had broken through that barrier and descended into the valley, slaying and burning as they went. The Danes, not less fierce, landing at the mouth of the Tyne, pushed up the river in search of plunder. So that the poor inhabitants of this corner of Northumbria must have had a troublous time of it from the very earliest days. Then came the Normans, whose military pioneers from Monkchester, riding up the valley of the Tyne, fixed upon the site of a Saxon stronghold

on the *proud hoe*, or hill, opposite Ovingham, as a suitable place for a fortress, and Prudhoe Castle was built. Possibly they supplied themselves with building materials from the Roman wall—at any rate the ruins of that great barrier were for ages a convenient quarry for the castle builders in its neighbourhood. The site of Prudhoe Castle is most commanding. The warder on its battlements looking northward across the river would see nearly as far as the wall, and could give timely warning of the approach of danger from that quarter. The Baron's lady from her bower-window beheld a lovely prospect of forest-fringed river stretching east and west. To the south the castle is dominated by higher ground, on which can still be traced the trenches of the besieging Scots. They twice laid siege to the place—in 1174 and 1244. In 1297 the Scottish army under Wallace ravaged the valley of the Tyne from Hexham to Ryton. After burning Hexham and Corbridge they proceeded down the north side of the Tyne, and must have passed through Ovingham. There was a tradition that the church had been burnt by the Scots, and the villagers pointed to marks of fire on its walls. This burning was probably done by the bands of Wallace, but the incursions of the Scots were so frequent that the village must have suffered on many other occasions. We can fancy the rage of the haughty Normans as they watched from the towers of Prudhoe the burning village of Ovingham, and how they must have chafed at being kept within their walls by the superior numbers of the enemy.

The Norman Umfranvilles were long the possessors of Prudhoe, the first Baron being known among the Saxons as "Robert with the Beard." They founded at Ovingham a cell, or religious house, on the spot where the parsonage now stands. It is said that a portion of the old monastic habitation is incorporated with the present building. Standing on the edge of the bank between the church and the Tyne, and overlooking the lake which probably then existed, formed by the confluence of Whittle Dean burn and the river, the three black canons who were the occupants of this cell had a pleasant view of Prudhoe Castle and the wooded banks on the opposite side of the river. In their garden, sloping to the south, they would cultivate fruits and flowers for their own enjoyment, and medicinal herbs for the villagers. But for the unwelcome inroads of the Scottish troopers and the thieves of Tynedale, their lot must have been happy and undisturbed; even when the horn of the invader resounded in the valley they could easily place themselves within the protecting walls of the neighbouring castle. The view from this spot is now wholly changed. The ruined towers of Prudhoe Castle are still there, but the banks of the river re-echo the railway whistle, and coal-pit smoke rises in the air.

Bywell Castle, another Norman ruin about two miles higher up the river Tyne, is the tower of an unfinished castle begun by the Nevilles, who came into possession of the

barony in Richard II.'s reign. It was previously held by the Baliols, whose name (corrupted into Bywell) may have been given to the place. Here was a forest of red-deer as late as the days of Queen Elizabeth, and here, perhaps, William Rufus, who gave the barony to the Baliols, may have ridden up from his new castle at Monkchester for a day's sport, attended by a gay company of knights and courtiers. In a survey of Bywell, taken in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the village is described as being the abode of "handicraftsmen, whose trade is all in iron-work for the horsemen and borderers of that country, as in making of bits, stirrups, buckles, and such others, wherein they are very expert and cunning." They are further represented as driving their cattle into the village every night and placing a watch at both ends of the street for fear of the thieves of Tynedale.

Coming to a later period, we find a Scottish army again at this part of Tyneside. In 1644 a force of more than twenty thousand men, destined for the assistance of the Parliament, invested Newcastle for three weeks without being able to take it. During this time the peaceful repose of Ovingham was again disturbed by the passage of armed men. One winter's morning a band of Royalists under Sir Marmaduke Langdale and Colonel Fenwick sallied out of Newcastle, and, riding up the valley, attacked and routed two regiments of Scots Horse quartered at Corbridge. Three weeks later the bulk of the Scottish army, having abandoned the siege of Newcastle, was quartered along the Tyne from Ovingham to Corbridge. Every house in Ovingham must then have been turned into soldiers' quarters, and the villagers probably remembered for long afterwards how their henroosts and haystacks suffered on that occasion. The next day the whole Scottish army crossed the Tyne at the three several fords of Ovingham, Eltringham, and Bywell, and directed their march southwards.

Nearer to our own time we find the signs of war still lingering about this border district. In 1745 Marshal Wade attempted to advance from Newcastle to the relief of Carlisle, but the roads were unfit for the passage of artillery, and after a march of fifteen hours the army only got as far as Ovingham, a distance of eleven miles. On the second day they managed to reach Hexham, but eventually were obliged to turn back, to save the heavy ordnance from being lost in the sloughs and quagmires of the road. This state of things was effectually remedied seven years later, when Marshal Wade was employed to make the present military way from Newcastle to Carlisle, which for nearly thirty miles out of Newcastle follows the line of the old Roman wall, the materials of which were utilised in constructing the new road.

The Sketches which accompany this paper were taken before the restless spirit of commerce invaded this part of Tyneside. They show the places much as Thomas Bewick must have known them, and will enable the visitor to contrast the present with the past.

M. J.

NEW BOOKS.

The Kingdom of Georgia. By Oliver Wardrop. (Sampson Low and Co.)—The insoluble political problem of the "Eastern Question," ever again and again provoked by the ill-treatment of Christian populations amid the chronic anarchy of Turkish rule, will not leave us in peace. Shocking accounts of the outrages practised by the ruffianly Kurds, near Bitlis, in the district south of Lake Van, have recently excited public indignation. The Russian province of Georgia, to the north of that region, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, may become, at no remote date, by mere force of circumstances, in spite of the Berlin Treaty of 1878, the starting-point of an intervention threatening further territorial reductions of the Turkish Empire, which England is bound to resist; but England is not less bound to obtain redress for the grievances of the Sultan's Armenian and other Christian subjects. Mr. Oliver Wardrop, who travelled in the less-frequented districts of Georgia two years ago, entertains an opinion, on the other hand, that the Asiatic subjects of Russia might, in certain contingencies, seek to resume their national independence. We are not at all convinced of the probability of this movement, still less of the possibility of its success, believing that in these days romantic traditions of ancient sovereignty and patriotic pride are less influential than other considerations; and that the material advantages of connection with Russia, on her great highway to Central Asia, with the sentiment of religious communion, will keep Georgia in her present position, having been formally incorporated, in the year 1800, with the Russian Empire. The last King of Georgia, whose name was George, died in that year, putting an end to the famous Bagratid dynasty, which began just 800 years ago, and which for centuries waged a patriotic warfare against the Turks, the Mongols, and the Persians, and maintained some kind of supremacy over Mingrelians, Imeritians, Lesghians, and Svanetians, on the south side of the Caucasus, but was finally absorbed by the great Northern Power. Mr. Wardrop's description of the country may be read with interest, though other travellers have told us enough of the city of Tiflis, and of the Russian military road over the Dariel Pass of the Caucasus, connecting it with Vladikavkaz, the chief fortress of South-eastern Russia. An excursion to Signakh, in the Kakheti district, and several other agreeable tours and visits, in the Alazana valley, and at Kartuban, Lagodekh, and Telav, to the east of Tiflis, sojourning at mansions of the Georgian nobility, and inspecting castles and monasteries, afford pleasant reading. There is a chapter on the national language and literature; but it will, perhaps, not arouse more enthusiasm, in a prosaic Western mind, than the annals of King David's and Queen Tamara's glorious reigns.

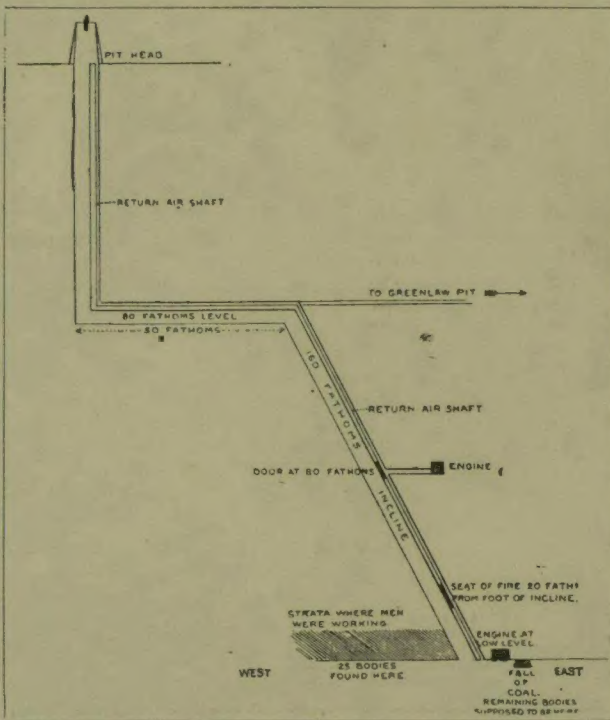
A Sportsman's Eden. By Clive Philipps-Wolley, F.R.S. (R. Bentley and Son.)—The author of this volume, formerly British Vice-Consul at Kertch, has apparently, after writing of sport in the Crimea and in the Caucasus, and in "Savage Svanetia," found his Eden not in the East, but in the farthest West, going to the remotest shores of British Columbia and Vancouver Island. His own letters to a friend in London are here accompanied by those of his wife to a lady of her acquaintance, with one or two from a gentleman of their party, in all or most of which there is lively entertainment, besides much really useful knowledge concerning the remote provinces of the vast Canadian Dominion. The lady writer, indeed, of the first two letters, claiming not unreasonably to see a little of domestic and social life in the cities, contributes some of the brightest sketches, with a brisk play of sprightly feminine humour. Our readers are not wholly unfamiliar, thanks to our Special Artist, with the grand mountain and forest scenery of the Selkirk Range and the Thompson River, traversed by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Its romantic aspects, which are certainly not equalled by any views that can be seen from a railway carriage in Europe, are vividly described by Mr. and Mrs. Philipps-Wolley. But the most original and distinctive passages of this interesting book relate to a hunting and fishing excursion in the Ashinola Valley, and up the Similkameen River, a sequestered highland wilderness, only accessible by several days' riding on horseback, which abounds in black and grizzly bears, fine "mule-deer," great wild "bighorn" sheep, and the shaggy white goats, classed by naturalists with antelopes; while the angler may catch splendid red trout of 4 lb. weight. This district, the "Sportsman's Eden," is situated to the east of Hope, a station on the railway and on the Fraser River; its chief place is Princeton, and its few inhabitants—white backwoodsmen, Indians, and half-breeds—seem to have little regular industry, except cattle-rearing and "lumbering," to interfere with the huntsman's pursuits. The author is not boastful of his shooting, but he managed to kill a fair quantity of large game, aided by a clever Indian guide named Toma, though his Express rifle proved a failure, so that he had only his Winchester to rely upon. Mrs. Philipps-Wolley, on another occasion, bravely shared with her husband the rough lodging in a lonely hut at "No-matter-where," in the forest region of Ontario; and, in spite of the wolves prowling around at night, she enjoyed this sojourn rather better than the civilised vanities of Saratoga. A few Indian legends, collected by Mrs. Alison of Princeton, are delightful specimens of primitive mythology, and are very well told; the Tumiseo cycle of these marvellous tales is as good as most part of Homer's *Odyssey*, or our own Jack the Giant-killer, or Gulliver's Travels.

Pig-sticking, or Hog-hunting. By Captain R. S. S. Baden-Powell, 13th Hussars, Assistant Military Secretary, South Africa. (Harrison and Sons.)—As a thoroughly practical treatise for the guidance and instruction of sportsmen in India, this volume may be safely recommended. The author, by his purely didactic and expository purpose, with the consciousness of his style and the methodical exactness of his arrangement, necessarily takes quite different rank from the many gossiping retailers of "shikar" anecdotes, not only Indian but African and North American, whose books are legion. He describes, with scientific preciseness, the natural history of the "Sus Indicus," called "hog" by Englishmen in Bombay and Madras, but in Bengal and Northern India called "pig"; the haunts and seasons of that animal, the ways of "rearing" or starting him from covert, and his powers for escape or combat. Of course, from time immemorial the wild boar has been hunted by men on foot, armed with spears and aided by dogs, in many countries of Asia, Europe, and Africa; but the English fashion of riding him down on horseback was introduced in India, as a substitute for bear-hunting, only at the beginning of this century. Captain Baden-Powell's account of it should be interesting to all who care for manly and useful field-sports. He shows that it is beneficial to the native peasantry, and invaluable as exercise and training for cavalry officers, while superior to fox-hunting in point of enjoyment. The proper weapons—the long spear, used "underhand," with a blow combining the full impetus of man and horse, and the short "jobbing spear"—are minutely compared; the right kinds of horses and dogs, with their needful training, are next

discussed, the Arab, the Australian, or "Waler," the Cape horse, the country-bred, and the Cabul horse being distinguished for their respective merits. In the chapters on the different local Tent Clubs, the choice of districts, the difficulties of ground, the habits of living in camp, and the experiences of waiting, beating for game, finding, starting, riding, and spearing, there is plenty of serviceable instruction. He who is ambitious of winning glory as "a good man to pig," by killing perhaps fifty or a hundred wild boars in a season and taking one of the prize cups annually awarded for signal prowess, ought to study this practical guide. It is not bad reading, either, for those who stay at home and who cannot ride or handle the spear.

COLLIERY DISASTER IN SCOTLAND.

At Penicuik, in Midlothian, ten or twelve miles south of Edinburgh, on Thursday, Sept. 5, about seventy lives were lost by a fire in the Mauricewood Pit, the property of the Shotts Iron Company. Its principal product is ironstone, but coal is also produced. Formerly a large number of miners were employed in the pit, but the number has been reduced. The pit has a perpendicular shaft of 80 fathoms, after which comes an incline of about 160 fathoms, with a gradient of about 80 in 100. The seat of the fire was supposed to be on the incline, from the fact that an outbreak of fire took place three years ago through the wood lining of the incline becoming ignited. On the last occasion no lives were lost; but the results of this disaster were terrible. It seems the mine had only one shaft leading from the lower level, so that the men had no means of escaping, and were virtually entombed, it being too late for them to rush through the fire which burned on the steep incline leading from the lower level to the bottom of the shaft. A relief party was set to work day and night, but the fire and smoke continued, and the sides of the pit fell in so as to retard the efforts of the workers. As the bodies one by one were brought to the top there were heartrending scenes. At Shottstown, the principal abode of the victims,



PLAN OF MAURICEWOOD PIT SHAFT, PENICUIK.

were young widows, bereaved parents, and fatherless children, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the carts with their ghastly burdens. On the road, at the cottages, groups of women and children stood, some anxiously discussing the situation, others pacing to and fro in grief, but on the arrival of bodies at their respective homes the spectacle was saddest. Many influential persons from the surrounding districts, and some of the magistrates and councillors of Edinburgh, visited the scene. The Chief Constable of Midlothian and the Procurator Fiscal also went out to make a preliminary investigation, and an official inquiry has been commenced by the Inspector of Mines. The Queen sent a message expressing her sympathy and compassion.

Our illustration is from a Sketch by Mr. T. Marjoribanks Hay, artist, of Edinburgh.

Our portrait of the late Mr. E. Laman Blanchard is from a photograph by Mr. Mayall, of Regent-street.

The Hon. Alexander M'Donnell has been appointed Secretary of the Commission on Scottish Salmon Fisheries.

The Very Rev. Dr. West, Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, has resigned in consequence of ill-health.

Lord Ancrum at the reopening of the Charles Dickens Bazaar at Hawick, announced that the first day's takings amounted to £385.

The Rev. Allan Menzies, D.D., Minister of Abernethy, has been appointed Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism at St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, in the room of the late Professor Crombie.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, with Mrs. Benson and family, is at present in the neighbourhood of Zermatt, in Switzerland. His Grace is reported to have already derived much benefit from the rest and change.

Mr. Bayard Brown, the American gentleman who bought the yacht of the late Sir William Pearce, lying at Brightonsea, has presented the parish church with a peal of ten tubular bells.

Lord Downe's shooting party, which included Prince Albert Victor of Wales, have bagged 1716 brace of grouse on the North Yorkshire moors. After the Doncaster Races the party will resume shooting.

Sir Edmund and Lady Hay Currie announce the opening of a Technical College at Folkestone, under their personal supervision, for the sons of the middle and upper classes; but it is to be hoped that the masses at the East-End will not lose their director at the People's Palace, though the one may act as a feeder to the other.

According to the latest arrangements it has been settled that the Emperor and Empress of Germany, Prince Henry of Prussia, King Christian of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Czarewicz, the Prince of Naples, and the Prince of Saxe-Meiningen will be present at the marriage of the Duke of Sparta to Princess Sophie of Prussia.

METROPOLITAN RIFLE CONTESTS.

A contest for prizes, including challenge cups, of the value of several hundred pounds, was held at the ranges on Wimbledon Common, and was begun on Sept. 6 and concluded next day. The contestants for these prizes were all members of the 1st Surrey Rifles, and some good shooting was made. The Bread-street Ward Trophy, value forty guineas, with silver medal, was awarded to Private Messenger; the Macdonald Lodge Challenge Cup, value fifty guineas, and money prize, by Sergeant Saxby. For the Ladies' Challenge Cup, value fifty guineas, and silver medal, there was an exciting finish between Private Wyatt and Corporal Johnson, who each obtained 90 points out of a possible 105. On shooting off the tie, Wyatt made an outer and two magpies, while Johnson scored two magpies and an inner, thus winning the prize. The contest for the Sturdy Challenge Cup resulted in a win for Corporal Bridges. The principal events set down on the programme on the second day were the decision of the tie for Sir Polydore De Keyser's challenge cup, with the attendant silver medal, which were ultimately won by Private Wyatt. Then followed the Wimbledon series. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather some fine scores were made, Private Newns taking the first prize; the principal members next in order of merit being Sergeant Saxby, Private Messenger, Corporal Johnson, Colour-Sergeant Tearoe, and Corporal Allen. A match which created much interest was for the Irvine Challenge Trophy value 70 gs., with silver medal, and shot for by squads of five files from each company. A Company were the winners, D Company being second. Another match of equal importance was for the Wire Challenge Plate, value 20 gs., the gift of Lieut.-Colonel Wire, late of the corps, with engraved pewters presented by Private W. Doggett. This was also a volley-firing contest, and resulted in a win for C Company, F Company being second, D Company third, and A Company fourth. The match for the piece of plate, value fifty guineas, the gift of the late Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock, with a silver medal and money prize, was also decided at a single range. Private Newns was the winner, and Private Messenger was second. The "Four Stars" Challenge Trophy, value twenty guineas, with silver medal, was restricted to holders of four service stars for twenty years' efficiency. Lieutenant-Colonel Nevill was the winner. The prize for drill, combined with shooting, for the bronze medal and the late Mr. Child's challenge cup, were awarded in order of merit to Sergeant Anderson, Private Barlow, and Sergeant Homersham. The contest closed with the hon. members' match, in which Mr. H. Strong was first and Mr. Hale second.

On the same day, also at Wimbledon, the Whitehall company of the Civil Service Rifles competed for a valuable series of prizes at the Queen's first stage distances, besides a special competition in rapid firing. In Series A, Corporal Matthews was the winner of the first prize; and the next best were Sergeant Hampshire, Major Tytheridge, and Colour-Sergeant James. In the rapid-firing contest the competitors' teams of three men in drill order had to double to undefined short ranges between 300 and 200 yards, and complete their firing at 100 yards, standing position. The first prize was awarded to Private Bownas, the second to Lieut. Warne, and a special prize for best score at the final range (500 yards) to Private Owens.

The official results of the regimental prize meeting of the 18th Middlesex (Paddington) Rifle Regiment, which commenced at the Roxeth ranges on Sept. 6, were announced on the 7th. The principal winners in a long list of prizes were as follows: Colonel Gordon Ives's skirmishing prizes for best scores at unknown distances between 300 and 125 yards—Corporal Smith, Captain Pawle, and Colour-Sergeant Elkin. Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow's prize, seven rounds at 800 yards—Major Gange. Colonel Unite's and other donors' prizes, seven rounds at 200, 500, and 600 yards—Sergeant Task. Sir R. T. Kindersley's challenge cup, five rounds—Corporal Roxburgh. The Aird Challenge Cup, presented by Major J. Aird, M.P., for volley and independent firing—1st prize, K Company (Lieut. Richards); 2nd prize, E Company (Captain Radcliffe); and 3rd prize, D Company (Captain Durring). The winning team was composed of Sergeant Tamin, Corporal Smith, Corporal Cannish, and Privates Fry, Clarke, and Butt.

On Sept. 7 the annual inspection of the 2nd Durham Artillery Volunteers took place at Seaham Harbour, Lord Henry Vane-Tempest commanding, in the absence of the Marquis of Londonderry. The full strength of the brigade is 899, and, with a few exceptions, all were present. At the close of the military evolutions, Colonel Walker, R.A., the inspecting officer, congratulated the men on the excellent show they made both with regard to numbers and training. He also complimented them on their success at Shoeburyness and the Scottish camp. Lord Henry Vane-Tempest then distributed the brigade prizes, of the total value of over £100. The prizes won at Shoeburyness and Barry Links were presented by Lady Aline Vane-Tempest-Stewart, daughter of Lord Londonderry. The Shoeburyness prizes, eight in number, included the Corporation of London and City Companies' Cup, and cups given by the Prince of Wales.

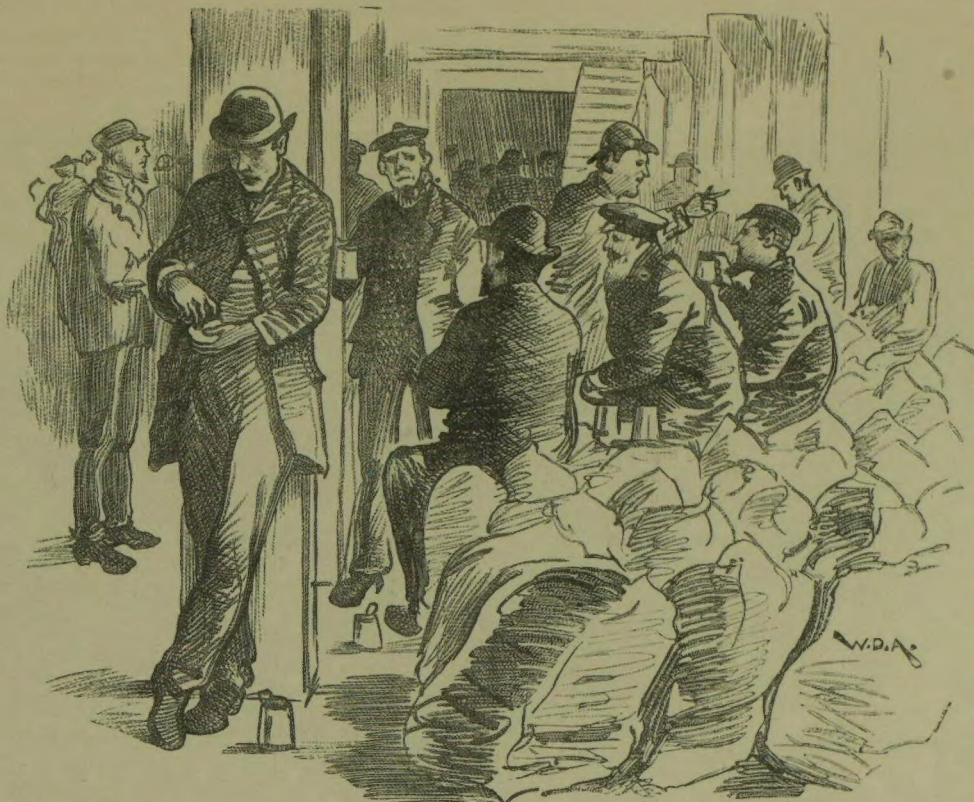
DESTROYING CRICKETS IN ALGIERS.

The United States Consul at Marseilles, in a recent report, states that the French Government have taken up vigorously the destruction on a vast scale of crickets in Algiers, in consequence of the serious injury which they inflicted on the crops last year, when they descended in myriads on the fields during June and July. The method employed is similar to that in use in Cyprus since the British occupation. The apparatus consists of long pieces of cheap cotton cloth, a yard in width, edged on one side with a strip of oilcloth 6 in. in width, and each provided with strings by which it can be fastened to wooden stakes. When an invasion of crickets is announced, trenches are dug across their line of approach; the stakes are driven in lines on the side of the trench from which the approach is expected, and the cloths hung vertically, forming a curtain 42 in. to 44 in. high, fitting closely to the ground, and with the oilcloth edge uppermost. Between these curtains, at intervals of 200 or 300 yards, open spaces about two yards in width are left. The march of the insects is in a solid phalanx, devouring everything eatable as they go. When they reach the curtain they climb readily to the point where they encounter the oilcloth. On this they slip and fall, and, after several futile attempts, they try to clear the obstruction at a jump. Such as succeed fall into the trench on the farther side, and, finding the ground barren of food, usually proceed no further. The great majority fail to jump over the curtain, and seek to circumvent it. They thus pour by myriads through the openings. At these points the ditch is made deep and wide, and the farther slope covered with sheets of smooth zinc or tin, upon which they are unable to climb. They are thus caught in masses, beaten to death with large wooden paddles, and their bodies used for feeding pigs or for manure. In some cases the pigs are turned into the trenches to kill their own prey; but in general the work is done by peasants shod with large wooden sabots, with which they trample the insects to death. Six thousand of these curtains and 100,000 oak staves have been provided by the Government for use in Algeria.

THE DOCK LABOURERS' STRIKE.

An amicable settlement of the dispute between the directors of the dock companies in the port of London and the host of labourers in their regular or casual employment was expected on Saturday, Sept. 7, but this hope was disappointed. The attempt of the Lord Mayor of London (Alderman Whitehead), the Bishop of London, Cardinal Manning, and Mr. Sydney Buxton to mediate between the conflicting interests was baffled in the evening of that day by the rejection of the agreed compromise on the part of the dock labourers. The responsibility for this act rests with Mr. Benjamin Tillett, Mr. John Burns, Mr. H. H. Champion, and Mr. John Mann, leaders of the strike, Mr. Burns and Mr. Champion not being dock labourers but political agitators. The dock companies, represented by Mr. C. M. Norwood, chairman of the joint committee of management of the East and West India Docks (with the Albert and Tilbury Docks) and of the London and St. Katharine and Victoria Docks, had accepted the terms proposed by the Lord Mayor, the Bishop, and the Cardinal, with whom Lord Brassey, Sir John Lubbock, and Alderman Sir Andrew Lusk were associated in the "Committee of Conciliation." They had agreed that, in addition to the concessions previously notified, the payment to casual labourers, on and after Jan. 1, should be raised from fivepence to sixpence an hour for the time of actual work, if the strike were at once terminated, but with the further condition that labourers should not be molested, or any resentment shown to them, on either hand, for their conduct during the strike. Messrs. Burns and Tillett accepted these terms in an interview with the Lord Mayor and the other mediators at the Mansion House, and Mr. Champion also signified his adhesion; but at a later hour, after consulting the various strike committees, they sent word that the proposed arrangement would not be acceded to, as it did not include the demand of eightpence an hour overtime. It appeared subsequently that the dock companies intended to grant this rate of wages for overtime. The postponement of the operation of the new rates of pay to Jan. 1, or even to Dec. 1, was also regarded as objectionable. This was considered needful by the dock managers in order to make arrangements with the shipowners and merchants for an increase of the dock rates and charges to cover the expense of higher wages. The leaders of the strike, on the other hand, insisted on the new rate of wages beginning on Oct. 1. They held a meeting again in Hyde Park on Sunday, and on Monday there was the usual procession from the East-End to the City, but with diminished numbers. Some scores of men went to work in the docks, but greater numbers were intercepted by the "pickets," and were dissuaded from accepting employment. Our Sketches of scenes on a quay at the East India Docks, and of the men stopping work half an hour for refreshment, show rather the ordinary aspect of the dock labourers' occupation than the present state of affairs during the strike.

A closely contested cricket-match between Yorkshire and the M.C.C. was brought to a close at Scarborough, Sept. 7, the visitors winning by 35 runs. The match between North and



HALF AN HOUR FOR REFRESHMENT AT THE DOCKS.

South, at Scarborough, terminated in a draw. In their second innings the Southern team, with the loss of only three wickets, compiled 278, of which W. G. Grace and Abel made 154 and 105 respectively. At Stockport Lancashire defeated Cheshire by an innings and 179 runs.

Mr. George Drinkwater, barrister-at-law, has been appointed Crown Receiver and Seneschal of the Isle of Man.

Lord Strathmore, Lord-Lieutenant for Forfarshire, opened the Annual Exhibition of the Dundee Horticultural Society. The recent fine weather brought in a fine show of plants, cut flowers, fruit, and vegetables.

The Duke of Cambridge visited Aldershot on Sept. 10, and inspected the troops. There were on parade 8781 of all ranks, out of the 13,000 at the camp. In all the movements the troops behaved with the utmost steadiness.

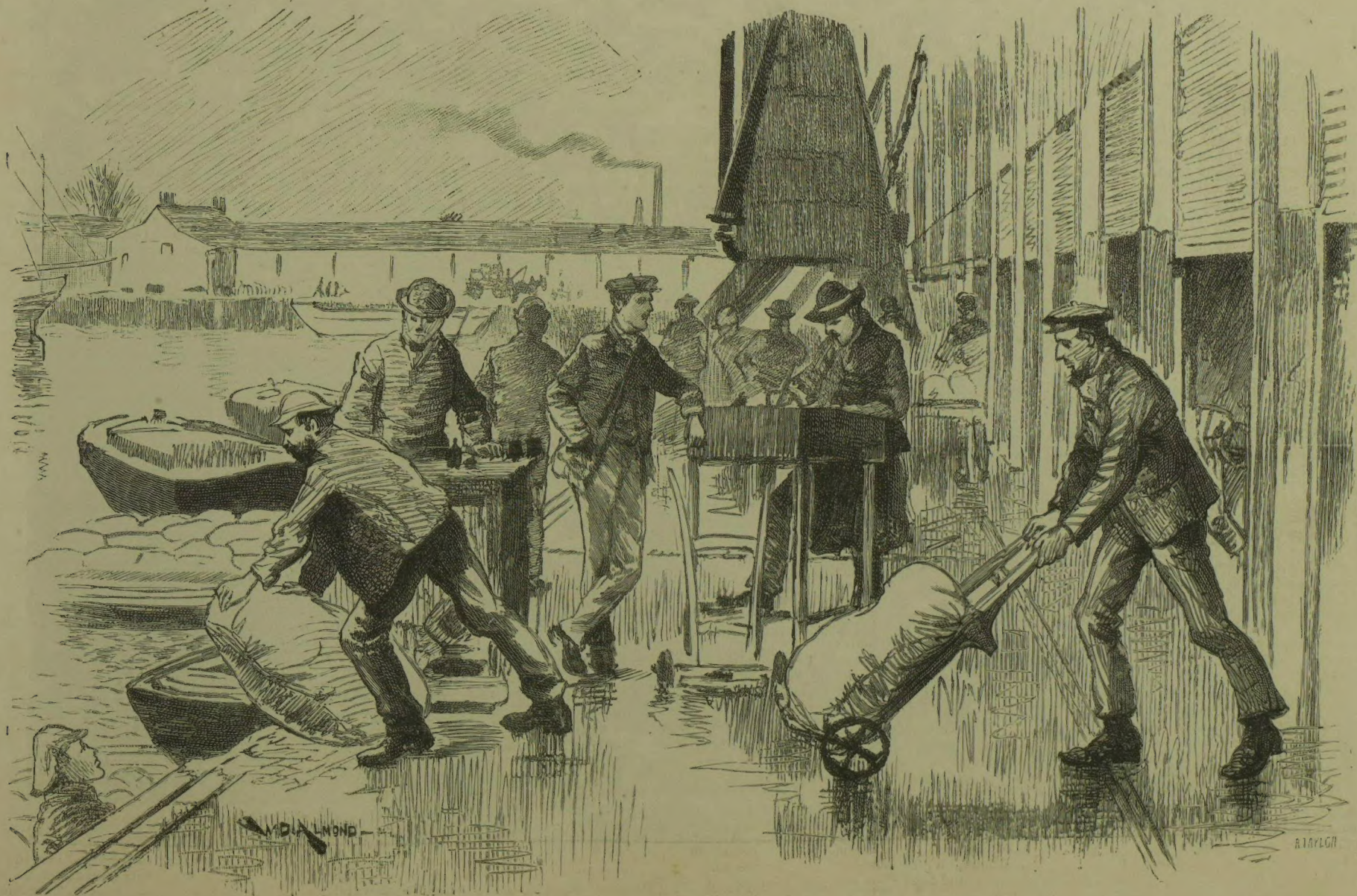
The Newcastle meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science began on Sept. 11, continuing to the 19th. The address of the president, Professor William Henry Flower, director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, was given in the morning of the 11th. Next morning the sections met in their respective chambers, the presidents being—of Mathematics, Captain V. De Abney; Chemistry, Sir Lowthian Bell; Geology, Professor James Geikie; Biology, Professor Burdon-Sanderson; Geography, Colonel Sir Francis De Winton; Economics, Professor F. Y. Edgeworth; Mechanics, Mr. William Anderson; and Anthropology, Sir W. Turner. In the evening a soirée was given by the Corporation, and on Saturday, the 14th, numerous excursions will be made.

DISASTROUS EXPLOSION AT ANTWERP.

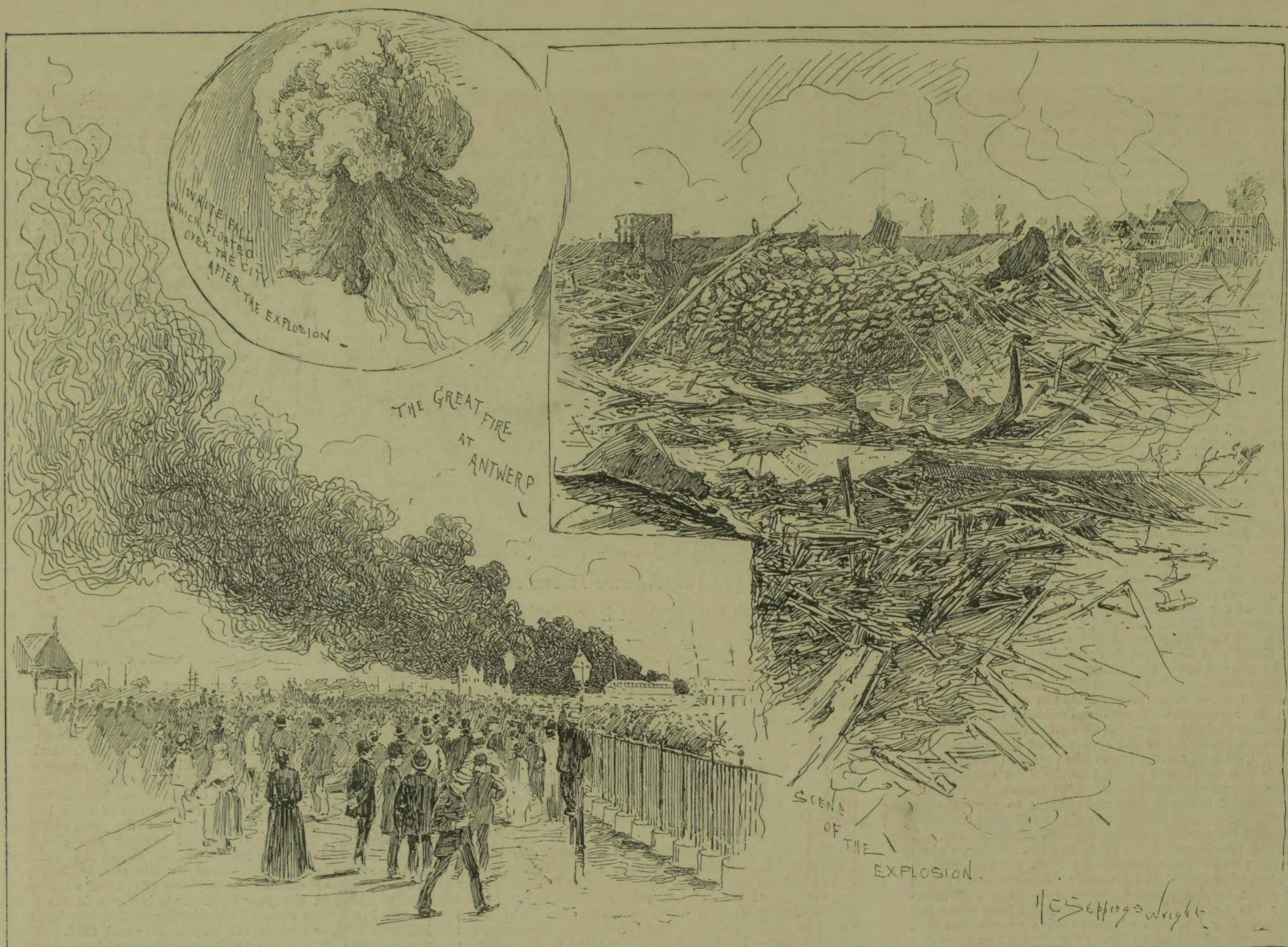
On Friday, Sept. 6, a terrible explosion, killing more than a hundred persons, took place in the cartridge factory of M. Corvilain, behind the docks in the port of Antwerp. It was in the workshop where old cartridges were taken to pieces, and where about fifty millions of these were stored, half of them being partly broken up. One hundred and twenty-six men and women were working in the factory at the time: these were all killed, while a number of other persons, who were near the building, were grievously injured. The explosion set fire to two large Russian petroleum warehouses, and to other warehouses in the vicinity, also containing petroleum, of which it was estimated that about sixty thousand barrels were on fire. Amid the roar of the flames, a succession of reports was heard resembling a fusillade, caused by the ignition of packets of cartridges, which were thrown to a great distance by the explosion. All the houses in the neighbourhood of the factory had their windows broken, and the roof of the Bourse received some damage, but it has not fallen in. In different parts of the city many persons, principally women and children, were injured, the windows of houses broken by the shock, and the roofs of others damaged. A shower of burning fragments, hurled from the scene of the explosion, fell near the port, and the vessels in the docks were in great danger from showers of petroleum. The docks, sheds, and hydraulic engines for working the cranes in the port were much injured.

Our Illustration is from one of a series of views of the ruins taken by Messrs. Louis Van Neck and Co., photographers, of Antwerp, with their "ultime" apparatus, which is effective in very low conditions of light. It was forwarded to us by M. Goemaere, editor of the *Précurseur* in that city.

Mr. Walter Gilbey writes to the papers on behalf of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Association. He says he is sanguine enough to look forward to a time when it will hold such a position in regard to our annual harvest festival services that its claims upon them will be generally recognised, and that, in the same way as our Hospital Sunday services are devoted to furthering a specific object, so our harvest festival services may be held mainly in furtherance of some benevolent agricultural cause. During the last two years especially this feeling has gained ground among the clergy of all denominations, and its result is shown in the fact that nearly £6000 was received by the society last year as the result of collections at places of public worship, as against £1800 in the year 1885. This increase in the funds of the institution ensured the election of 200 pensioners in 1888 and 1889, as against 113 only in 1886 and 1887. At the present time 739 persons are being maintained by the society, at an annual cost of £15,626, these 739 recipients consisting of farmers who during twenty years have cultivated as an exclusive means of support holdings of at least 100 acres, or at rentals of at least £150 per annum, and who have attained the age of sixty-five years; also the widows and unmarried daughters of the above. The secretary of the institution is Mr. C. B. Shaw, 26, Charles-street, St. James's.



A QUAY AT THE EAST INDIA DOCKS.



THE GREAT FIRE AT ANTWERP.



MAURICEWOOD COLLIERY, PENICUIK, MIDLOTHIAN, THE SCENE OF THE LATE DISASTROUS FIRE.



A FAIR CRITIC.—PICTURE BY CONRAD KIESEL.

IN A LIBRARY.

A TALK WITH YOUTHFUL READERS.

I remember when a boy that my first feeling on being left to browse at leisure in a large library was one of bewilderment and irresolution. The mental wealth around me was so abundant that I did not know what to appropriate. There was the sense of greatness on the one side and of incapacity on the other. Book after book was taken down from the shelves, glanced at, and returned unread. Amid thousands of volumes, dearly though I loved books, I felt disappointed, and could not understand the feeling. My own little library, of fifty or sixty volumes perhaps, had been a source of unbounded pleasure, and here, in a realm of gold, I felt much as a man may feel who gazes upon a feast to which he must not sit down.

I did not know at first what ailed me, and I suppose it was long before I discovered that in literature, as in life, what Wordsworth calls "unchartered freedom" is good for neither mind nor body. The largest intellect can only expand healthily within well-defined limits, and for most of us whose intellects are not large it is necessary that in reading, as well as in other employments, we should have a distinct purpose. Walter Scott has described the delight he felt as a schoolboy, when, having scraped a few shillings together, he was able to buy a copy of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," and how sitting under a huge platanus-tree, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, he forgot the hour of dinner while feasting on these famous ballads. It is not every young reader whose taste for a special subject is as distinctly marked as Walter Scott's; but I have mentioned this anecdote to show how necessary it is to have a bent in some direction in order to make a good use of books. Had Scott in his boyish days been turned loose in such a library as he afterwards formed at Abbotsford, he would have known what food he wanted.

There is a time in the lives of most young people when the ideal world of books is more to them than the world of living men and women. It is well that they should enjoy this delicious world while they can. It is delightful to live in, and still sweeter to remember. The sorrows of life, its anxieties, its sufferings, its regrets, come soon enough for us all! Live, then, for awhile in the joyous land of books through the happy Spring hours, when may-blossoms scent the air and the songs of the nightingale and thrush make the heart leap up with pleasure! Let the poets sing for you their choicest songs, and the genius of the novelist carry you with him as upon wings into a fair region of romance; but be firm and brave enough never so to yield to the enchantment of books as to become their slave. Reading may be one of the wisest pursuits in life, but it may be also one of the idlest; and I scarcely know any pursuit more enervating to the mind than the aimless, shiftless habit of taking up a book in order to make the time pass, or the habit of glancing from topic to topic in the magazines for the amusement of the hour. I say the *habit*, because there are hours, of course, when reading for mere amusement can be as readily justified as playing at cricket or lawn-tennis. A good novel read occasionally may prove more than an amusement, and is a wholesome recreation; but to devour fiction indiscriminately, to the neglect of duty and of study, is to squander the season of life which is of all others the most precious. And yet how many readers there are, and not always young readers, to whom the best books in a library are as nothing when compared with the last new novel. People forget, or do not know, that the mind may be as much wasted in reading as in sheer idleness if books are read without selection, without judgment, and with the careless mind that accepts an opinion as a truth, or is indifferent whether it be a truth or not.

More than ever is it necessary in the present day that youthful readers should know how to use books wisely. The temptation to be versatile and superficial is likely to grow stronger as books and magazines multiply. It is right to be broad in your sympathy with modern thought, if only care is taken in the first place that you are not shallow. A great living thinker and preacher rebukes, as well he may, the "stripling infidelity" of our time, "when universal knowledge can be had from a newspaper, and any man can be sceptical for a shilling." To discuss a question so serious is not the purport of this essay, but I mention it because the danger of superficial knowledge and of rash judgments is not confined to the most important of all subjects. Literature at its highest level consists of the noblest thoughts expressed in the most appropriate or the most beautiful words. The man with a taste for it has a lasting joy in life, and his library is the room he loves best in the house. There he meets many of his dearest and most constant friends. He can listen without interruption to the exquisite music of poets, he can transport himself into the loveliest fields of romance, and he can learn to say, with Milton—

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Wordsworth says that Nature can do more for us than books; but even Nature, with her manifold delights, can do little for the untutored mind. Her highest beauties and most beneficent gifts are appreciated a thousand times more highly by the London student than by the gipsy or the savage, who lives all his life under the eye of heaven. Science opens up the wonders of this wonderful world, and poets are the best interpreters of its beauty; and so, for most of us, in this age of culture, the access to Nature, in the first instance, is through the help of books. If this is not already an obvious truth to you, one illustration will suffice to prove it. Among modern poets, there are no such profound students of Nature and of human life as Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning; but, born poets though they be, they would be the first to acknowledge the vast debt they owe to literature and to their poetical predecessors.

And now, having said so much in favour of a taste for literature, my readers will naturally ask whether this taste can be acquired. I am sure that in a large number of cases it can; and, if I were not so sure, I should not have requested permission to have this "talk" with the youthful readers of *The Illustrated London News*. Of course a gift like this, which will enrich your whole lives, is not to be won without labour, and I shall take it for granted that you do not fear work, and wish only to be sure that you are working in the right direction. A knowledge of the great classics of Greece and Rome is perhaps the soundest foundation on which to build up an acquaintance with the more varied, and in some respects wealthier, literature of modern times. But do not be disheartened if you have not this advantage. Our own literature is the noblest in the world, and a study of its finest masters will teach you to estimate what is great in thought and style, and what, no matter how popular and useful it may be, is of inferior value. In other words, this study will give you taste. I will make my meaning clear by a few illustrations. The Bible, in our authorised version, has infinitely higher claims upon your study than are due to its literary merits; but as a model of

composition it is unrivalled, and it would seem impossible that any reader familiar with the simplicity and perfect beauty of language which mark that translation could fail to distinguish between majesty of thought and grandiloquence, between impassioned utterance and tawdry rhetoric, between the rhythmic flow of sentences that fall on the ear like music and the flowery or picturesque style under which many a modern writer conceals poverty of thought.

Then, again, it would seem incredible that a reader accustomed to listen to Spenser, "our sage and serious poet," as Milton terms him, or to Milton himself, whom our noble Laureate aptly calls the "God-gifted organ-voice of England," could prefer the shriller and feeble notes of versemen whose art is pretty enough to catch the public ear and win a temporary fame. Shakespeare, the greatest of Englishmen, is himself a literature, and all that is richest in fancy, loftiest in imagination, and subtlest in thought may be learnt in his school, and cannot be learnt without gaining in largest measure a taste for literature. Then there is fiction, which is especially dear, and not unreasonably so, to readers in their teens. And it is the shelves in a library that hold the novels which are most familiar to readers of every age. A novel may be a great work of literature, or it may be the idle trash that lives its brief life of a few weeks at the libraries and then disappears for ever. A knowledge of the greatest fictions is the surest and pleasantest way of gaining skill to judge of a contemporary story-teller. If you appreciate, as they deserve, the immortal romances of Scott and the cabinet pictures of Jane Austen; if you are well read in the best works of Dickens and Thackeray, of Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Eliot, and Charlotte Brontë, you will know how to appreciate what is good in current fiction, and will despise the stories whose one claim upon attention is that they are sensational. A knowledge of the best writers is indispensable if you wish to cultivate a taste for literature; but remember that a man does not always gain the nourishment he requires from the choicest food, and that the knowledge to be gleaned from inferior authors may be as necessary to culture as the highest literary workmanship.

In spite of many guides to the choice of books—some of them most excellent—a young reader, bent on gaining what they have to teach him, does not always know how to begin. My advice must be very brief, but even a few hints may be of some service. For school purposes and examinations our finest works are too often dissected instead of being studied. This may be necessary for "crams," but it will not aid you in gaining a taste for literature. For that you must go to the literature itself, and read it in the first case, not to study verbal peculiarities, but to enjoy the thought or imagination of the writer. Poetry, which is the noblest kind of literature, will claim the first attention, partly because the poets are the chief glory of England, and partly because they lead the student to seek for knowledge in other fields. You cannot form a right estimate of modern authors until you have some acquaintance with the "grey fathers" of our literature. Chaucer is a mine of gold, and from him you may some day gain a store of wealth; but I think that your first attention should be given to the greatest of the Elizabethan writers and their immediate successors, to such giants as Shakespeare and Spenser, Bacon and Hooker, Milton and Jeremy Taylor. From them you will gradually learn what to reject and what to approve, what to treasure up as a lasting possession and what is unworthy of a great writer. You cannot, for example, fail to be struck by the contrast between the majestic calmness of Milton as a poet and his scurrility and coarseness of language when fighting an opponent in prose. And you will learn that in prose also, when imagination guides his pen, he is one of our greatest masters. And while admiring the profound beauty of Jeremy Taylor's finest works, their wisdom, their imagery, their marvellous eloquence, you will discover that his fancy is often too luxuriant, his illustrations too grotesque, his style too ornate. To love these great writers too well is impossible; but as your literary taste grows by what it feeds on you will learn to love them with discretion.

For the study of this splendid period of our literature ample aids are provided by the annotated reprints of the Clarendon Press and of Bohn's Libraries, and Mr. Saintsbury's admirable volume on "Elizabethan Literature" will be of great service. Do not, however, follow any critic or editor blindly. Think for yourself, and beware of forming opinions hastily. In taking up such poems as "The Faerie Queene" or Milton's "Comus," or such dramas as "Hamlet" and "The Tempest," it is better to read for the first time for the poetry alone, so as to catch the spirit and beauty of these marvellous works, before attempting to understand every allusion or to master every difficult passage. Notes can be read afterwards.

I should like to lead you on from the Elizabethans to the Queen Anne men, for no study could be more fruitful; but I have done, I hope, what I promised to do, and all that my space will allow of doing, by throwing out a few hints that may help to start you on the right road. And so, leaving you in the best company in the world, I wish you a pleasant journey.

J. D.

TRADES UNION CONGRESS AT DUNDEE.

At the meeting on Sept. 5 a number of resolutions bearing upon the condition of seamen were adopted, one of them demanding that the sanitary arrangements on ships should be greatly improved. Mr. Keir Hardie, a Scotch miners' delegate, submitted a number of resolutions reflecting in some measure on the recent labour conference at Paris; but they were rejected without much discussion. Resolutions against immigration of foreign and pauper labour, and in favour of shorter hours for railway servants, were adopted; and it was intimated that only Mr. Broadhurst had been nominated secretary to the Parliamentary Committee. In the evening a conversation was given.

On the 6th, the discussion of the proposal in favour of a working day of eight hours was resumed. Upon a division, the motion was rejected by 88 votes to 63; and "the previous question" was carried by 87 to 34. A resolution was unanimously adopted in support of an Eight Hours Bill for miners. On the question of land law reform, the Congress declared that no scheme would be satisfactory unless it embodied the principle of land nationalisation. It was also agreed that the formation of joint boards, composed equally of employers and workmen, would tend to a better understanding between them.

The concluding sitting was held on the 7th, when a resolution was passed approving of the union of workmen on the Continent and of International Trade Congresses. A proposal was also adopted in favour of some system for the federation of trades, and the Parliamentary Committee were instructed to prepare a scheme for consideration at the next Congress.

Next year's Congress is to assemble at Liverpool.

During the twelve months which ended on March 31 1,553,000,000 letters were delivered in the United Kingdom.

CIVIL POLICE OF UPPER BURMAH.

Until the end of 1887 Upper and Lower Burmah were quite separate, each province having its own administrative departments. Early in 1888 the two provinces were amalgamated into one administration. In accordance with this, Colonel (now Brigadier-General) Stedman was appointed Inspector-General of Police for the whole of Burmah, with two assistants—one, a military officer, to supervise the Military Police; and the other, Mr. Jamieson, a civilian, to look after the Civil Police. The police force of Upper Burmah consists of two distinct sections: one, the most important, is the Indian Military Police, recruited entirely from natives of Northern India; and the other is the Civil Police, composed entirely of Burmans, officered by Europeans. The latter was organised by Brigadier Stedman two years ago; and at the close of the year 1887 the number of Burman policemen in the country was 6127. This force was distributed among the seventeen districts into which Upper Burmah is divided. The head of the police in each district is the District Superintendent. He has under him one or more assistant superintendents and several inspectors, all Europeans, quartered and holding outposts in different parts of the district. They have to keep constantly moving about the district and visiting the several posts. The average number of policemen in each district varies from 300 to 400. The lowest-grade police-constable receives ten rupees a month; mounted men, who provide their own ponies, receive double that pay. In the original scheme, it was intended to have Burmans and Indians in the military police battalions; but this did not work well, and the force was divided into two distinct branches, as it now exists.

The Burman policemen are armed with muzzle-loading Enfield rifles; some have bayonets, the others have "dahs," or Burmese swords. At first they had no distinctive uniform, and this often gave rise to complications, for the police were mistaken for dacoits, and accidents occurred. They were eventually provided with khaki uniform, much like the Sepoy's. A Burman policeman, however, can be easily known by his short stature, his headdress—the ordinary handkerchief tied round his head—and his wearing no boots or shoes.

In an official report it was stated that at first the conduct of the police was far from satisfactory. No fewer than 479 policemen were punished for various criminal offences, and 206 deserted from the force. These defects were partly due to a want of knowledge of the country and language on the part of many of the newly appointed police officers; but Sir Charles Crosthwaite, the Chief Commissioner of Burmah, has effected great reforms everywhere. Complaints of the behaviour of the police are now few; and in the official report for the past year they are said to have had thirty-two engagements with dacoits, in only one of which they are reported to have behaved badly. In these actions the police lost twenty killed and thirty-one wounded, while of the dacoits 150 were killed and thirty-one captured. The Burman police are now coming to be looked upon all over the country as a very useful and reliable body of men. Our illustration is from a series of photographs taken by Surgeon Arthur G. E. Newland, of the Indian Army Medical Staff. It represents the Civil Police of the Pokoko district. The police of this district are in charge of Mr. Superintendent W. G. Pockett, who has been referred to in the official Police Report for 1887 as an officer of much hardness and activity, very popular with the Burmans. Pokoko, from being one of the most turbulent districts in Upper Burmah, is now one of the quietest, since most of the great dacoit Bohs or leaders have been killed or taken, and their bands dispersed.

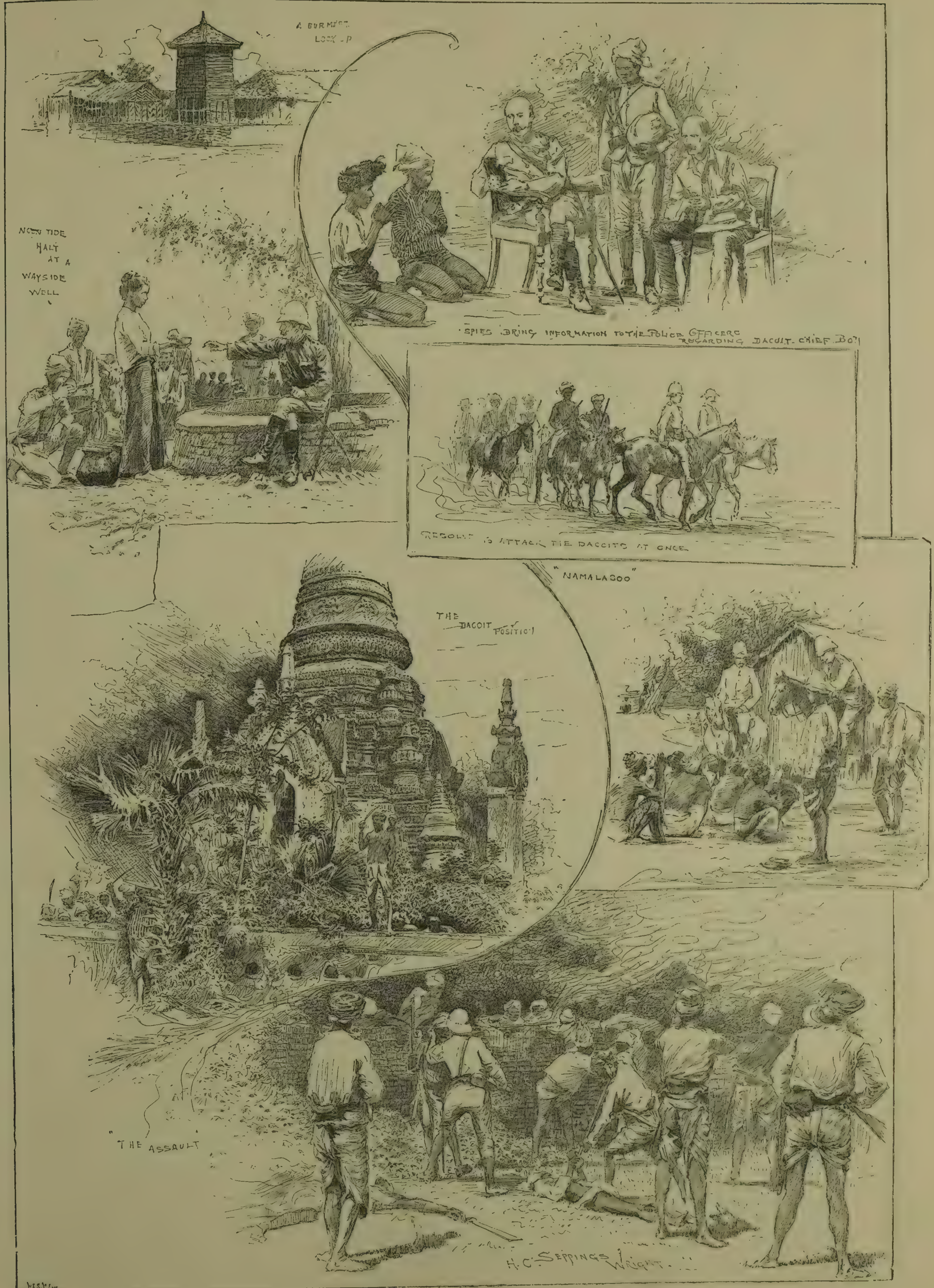
THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The Lords of the Admiralty have, through the various commanders-in-chief at the home ports, conveyed to the officers and men who commanded and manned the ships engaged in the recent naval manœuvres their high appreciation of the manner in which the vessels were managed and handled under trying circumstances, and sometimes in severe weather. Their Lordships further express the opinion that the experience gained by all in the recent operations would be extremely useful should this country ever, unfortunately, be engaged in war with a foreign Power.

Torpedo-boat No. 79, commanded during the manœuvres by Prince George of Wales, hauled down her pennant at Portsmouth. Prince George made a little speech to the crew, thanking them for the hard work which they had done. His Royal Highness then shook hands with the men in turn, and presented each with his photograph and a sovereign.

THE DUTIES OF THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Mr. Clement Scott, who has succeeded Mr. L. Engel as editor of *Our Celebrities*, corrects an erroneous view, ignorantly held, that the post of Private Secretary to the Sovereign is a well-paid sinecure, or that the Queen of England is not one of the hardest-worked of the highest officials of the realm. He says: "The daily clerical work required from her Majesty would astonish some of her subjects who complain of their arduous duties. Apart from the Queen's own private correspondence, and the management of her estates and intimate affairs, there is scarcely a Government office of the first importance that does not send down every day to the palace at which her Majesty may be residing boxes of documents, orders, warrants, and directions requiring the Royal sign manual and instant attention; and there is scarcely a question of precedent, etiquette, change of uniform in the Army, or detail of the various military and civilian orders and decorations that does not come under the immediate and personal supervision and direction of the Queen. Not a day passes without the published *Court Circular* being carefully edited, revised, and corrected by the Queen's own hand; and this important document is a model of accuracy in every detail. Her Majesty neglects nothing; the punctuality of the return of documents submitted for signature is a marvel to anyone who has ever been employed in a confidential position in a Government office, and it is needless to say that the drudgery of all this inevitable daily detail, and the minuteness of the questions involved, is considerably lightened by the possession of an officer so experienced, so trustworthy, and so distinguished for tact as General Sir Henry Ponsonby. Unlike many Court officials, when harassed and pestered he has ever a kind word for all who consult him, and he has never been known to depart from his cheerful rule of geniality and welcome courtesy. All who are occupied in the difficult task of modern journalism, and who, while studying the interest of their employers and the public, are not indifferent to good taste, and would respect the feelings and privacy of those in high places, find in the Queen's Private Secretary both a courteous adviser and a friendly counsellor. To say 'No' gracefully is one of the most difficult arts to accomplish, and, as may be imagined, the private secretary to a reigning Sovereign has to deal extensively in negatives, and to depose insistency on the one hand and intrusion on the other with a light and graceful but withal a firm and dignified hand."



BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PARTING SCENE.

T

HE evening had advanced, and the candles had just been lit in Mountjoy's sitting-room at the hotel.

His anxiety to hear from Iris had been doubled and trebled, since he had made the discovery of her father's visit to the doctor's house, at a time when it was impossible to doubt that Lord Harry was with her. Hugh's jealous sense of wrong was now mastered by the nobler emotions which filled him with pity and alarm, when he thought of Iris placed between the contending claims of two such men as the heartless Mr. Henley and the reckless Irish lord. He had remained at the hotel, through the long afternoon, on the chance that she might

write to him speedily by the hand of a messenger—and no letter had arrived. He was still in expectation of news which might reach him by the evening post, when the waiter knocked at the door.

"A letter?" Mountjoy asked.

"No, sir," the man answered: "a lady."

Before she could raise her veil, Hugh had recognised Iris. Her manner was subdued; her face was haggard; her hand lay cold and passive in his hand, when he advanced to bid her welcome. He placed a chair for her by the fire. She thanked him, and declined to take it. With the air of a woman conscious of committing an intrusion, she seated herself apart in a corner of the room.

"I have tried to write to you, and I have not been able to do it." She said that, with a dogged resignation of tone and manner, so unlike herself that Mountjoy looked at her in dismay. "My friend," she went on, "your pity is all I may hope for; I am no longer worthy of the interest you once felt in me."

Hugh saw that it would be useless to remonstrate. He asked if it had been his misfortune to offend her.

"No," she said, "you have not offended me."

"Then what, in Heaven's name, does this change in you mean?"

"It means," she said, as coldly as ever, "that I have lost my self-respect; it means that my father has renounced me, and that you will do well to follow his example. Have I not led you to believe that I could never be the wife of Lord Harry? Well! I have deceived you—I am going to marry him."

"I can't believe it, Iris! I won't believe it!"

She handed him the letter, in which the Irishman had declared his resolution to destroy himself. Hugh read it with contempt. "Did my lord's heart fail him?" he asked scornfully.

"He would have died by his own hand, Mr. Mountjoy——"

"Oh, Iris.—Mr.!"

"I will say 'Hugh,' if you prefer it—but the days of our familiar friendship are none the less at an end. I found Lord Harry bleeding to death from a wound in his throat. It was in a lonely place on Hampstead Heath; I was the one person who happened to pass by it. For the third time, you see, it has been my destiny to save him. How can I forget that? My mind will dwell on it. I try to find happiness—oh, only happiness enough for me—in cheering my poor Irishman, on his way back to the life that I have preserved. There is my motive, if I have a motive. Day after day, I have helped to nurse him. Day after day, I have heard him say things to me—what is the use of repeating them? After years of resistance, I have given way; let that be enough. My one act of discretion has been to prevent a quarrel between my father and Harry. I beg your pardon, I ought to have said Lord Harry. When my father came to the house, I insisted on speaking with him alone; I told him what I have just told you. He said: 'Think again before you make your choice between that man and me. If you decide to marry him, you will live and die without one farthing of my money to help you.' He put his watch on the table between us, and gave me five minutes to make up my mind. It was a long five minutes, but it ended at last. He asked me which he was to do—leave his will as it was, or go to his lawyer and make another? I said, 'You will do as you please, sir.' No; it was not a hasty reply—you can't make that excuse for me. I knew what I was saying; and I saw the future I was preparing for myself, as plainly as you see it."

Hugh could endure no longer the reckless expression of her despair.

"No!" he cried, "you don't see your future as I see it. Will you hear what I have to say, before it is too late?"

"It is too late already. But I will listen to you if you wish it."

"And, while you listen," Mountjoy added, "you will acquit me of being influenced by a selfish motive. I have loved you dearly. Perhaps, in secret, I love you still. But, this I know: if you were to remain a single woman for the rest of your life, there would be no hope for me. Do you believe that I am speaking the truth?"

"You always speak the truth."

"I speak in your interests, at least. You think you see your future life plainly—you are blind to your future life. You talk as if you were resigned to suffer. Are you resigned to lose your sense of right and wrong? Are you resigned to lead the life of an outlaw, and—worse still—not to feel the disgrace of it?"

"Go on, Hugh."

"You won't answer me?"

"I won't shock you."

"You don't discourage me, my dear; I am still obstinate in the hope of restoring you to your calmer and truer self. Let me do every justice to Lord Harry. I believe, sincerely believe, that his miserable life has not utterly destroyed in him the virtues which distinguish an honourable man. But he has one terrible defect. In his nature, there is the fatal pliability which finds companionable qualities in bad friends. In this aspect of his character, he is a dangerous man—and he may be (forgive me!) a bad husband. It is a thankless task to warn you to any good purpose. A wife—and a loving wife more than another—feels the deteriorating influence of a husband who is not worthy of her. His ways of thinking are apt to become, little by little, her ways of thinking. She makes allowances for him which he does not deserve; her sense of right and wrong becomes confused; and, before she is aware of it herself, she has sunk to his level. Are you angry with me?"

"How can I be angry with you? Perhaps you are right."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then, for God's sake, reconsider your decision! Let me go to your father."

"Mere waste of time," Iris answered. "Nothing that you can say will have the least effect on him."

"At any rate," Mountjoy persisted, "I mean to try."

Had he touched her? She smiled—how bitterly, Hugh failed to perceive.

"Shall I tell you what happened to me when I went home to-day?" she said. "I found my maid waiting in the hall—with everything that belongs to me, packed up for my departure. The girl explained that she had been forced to obey my father's positive orders. I knew what that meant—I had to leave the house, and find a place to live in."

"Not by yourself, Iris?"

"No—with my maid. She is a strange creature; if she feels sympathy, she never expresses it. 'I am your grateful servant, Miss. Where you go, I go.' That was all she said; I was not disappointed—I am getting used to Fanny Mere already. Mine is a lonely lot—isn't it? I have acquaintances among the few ladies who sometimes visit at my father's house, but no friends. My mother's family, as I have always been

told, cast her off when she married a man in trade, with a doubtful reputation. I don't even know where my relations live. Isn't Lord Harry good enough for me, as I am now? When I look at my prospects, is it wonderful if I talk like a desperate woman? There is but one encouraging circumstance that I can see. This misplaced love of mine that everybody condemns has, oddly enough, a virtue that everybody must admire. It offers a refuge to a woman who is alone in the world."

Mountjoy denied indignantly that she was alone in the world.

"Is there any protection that a man can offer to a woman," he asked, "which I am not ready and eager to offer to You? Oh, Iris, what have I done to deserve that you should speak of yourself as friendless in my hearing?"

He had touched her at last. Their tender charm showed itself once more in her eyes and in her smile. She rose and approached him.

"What exquisite kindness it must be," she said, "that blinds a clever man like you to obstacles which anyone else can see! Remember, dear Hugh, what the world would say to that protection which your true heart offers to me. Are you my near relation? are you my guardian? are you even an old man? Ah me! you are only an angel of goodness whom I must submit to lose. I shall still count on your kindness when we see each other no more. You will pity me, when you hear that I have fallen lower and lower; you will be sorry for me, when I end in disgracing myself."

"Even then, Iris, we shall not be separated. The loving friend who is near you now, will be your loving friend still."

For the first time in her life, she threw her arms round him. In the agony of that farewell, she held him to her bosom. "Goodbye, dear," she said faintly—and kissed him.

The next moment, a deadly pallor overspread her face. She staggered as she drew back, and dropped into the chair that she had just left. In the fear that she might faint, Mountjoy hurried out in search of a restorative. His bed-chamber was close by, at the end of the corridor; and there were smelling-salts in his dressing-case. As he raised the lid, he heard the door behind him, the one door in the room, locked from the outer side.



He heard the door behind him locked from the outer side. He rushed to the door and called to her.

He rushed to the door, and called to her. From the farther end of the corridor, her voice reached him for the last time, repeating the last melancholy word: "Goodbye." No renewal of the miserable parting scene; no more of the heartache—Iris had ended it!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FATAL WORDS.

When Mountjoy had rung for the servant, and the bed-room door had been unlocked, it was too late to follow the fugitive. Her cab was waiting for her outside; and the attention of the porter had been distracted, at the same time, by a new arrival of travellers at the hotel.

It is more or less in the nature of all men who are worthy of the name, to take refuge from distress in action. Hugh decided on writing to Iris, and on making his appeal to her father, that evening. He abstained from alluding, in his letter, to the manner in which she had left him; it was her right, it was even her duty, to spare herself. All that he asked was to be informed of her present place of residence, so that he might communicate the result—in writing only if she preferred it—of his contemplated interview with her father. He addressed his letter to the care of Mr. Vimpany, to be forwarded, and posted it himself.

This done, he went on at once to Mr. Henley's house.

The servant who opened the door had evidently received his orders. Mr. Henley was "not at home." Mountjoy was in no humour to be trifled with. He pushed the man out of his way, and made straight for the dining-room. There, as his previous experience of the habits of the household had led him

to anticipate, was the man whom he was determined to see. The table was laid for Mr. Henley's late dinner.

Hugh's well-meant attempt to plead the daughter's cause with the father, ended as Iris had said it would end.

After hotly resenting the intrusion on him that had been committed, Mr. Henley declared that a codicil to his will, depriving his daughter absolutely of all interest in his property, had been legally executed that day. For a time, Mountjoy's self-control had resisted the most merciless provocation. All that it was possible to effect, by patient entreaty and respectful remonstrance, he had tried again and again, and invariably in vain. At last, Mr. Henley's unbridled insolence triumphed. Hugh lost his temper—and, in leaving the heartless old man, used language which he afterwards remembered with regret.

To feel that he had attempted to assert the interests of Iris, and that he had failed, was, in Hugh's heated state of mind, an irresistible stimulant to further exertion. It was perhaps not too late yet to make another attempt to delay (if not to prevent) the marriage.

In sheer desperation, Mountjoy resolved to inform Lord Harry that his union with Miss Henley would be followed by the utter ruin of her expectations from her father. Whether the wild lord only considered his own interests, or whether he was loyally devoted to the interests of the woman whom he loved, in either case the penalty to be paid for the marriage was formidable enough to make him hesitate.

The lights in the lower window, and in the passage, told Hugh that he had arrived in good time at Redburn Road.

He found Mr. Vimpany and the young Irishman sitting together, in the friendliest manner, under the composing

influence of tobacco. Primed, as he would have said himself, with only a third glass of grog, the hospitable side of the doctor's character was displayed to view. He at once accepted Mountjoy's visit as offering a renewal of friendly relations between them.

"Forgive and forget," he said, "there's the way to settle that little misunderstanding, after our dinner at the inn. You know Mr. Mountjoy, my lord? That's right. Draw in your chair, Mountjoy. My professional prospects threaten me with ruin—but while I have a roof over my head, there's always a welcome for a friend. My dear fellow, I have every reason to believe that the doctor who sold me this practice was a swindler. The money is gone, and the patients don't come. Well! I am not quite bankrupt yet; I can offer you a glass of grog. Mix for yourself—we'll make a night of it."

Hugh explained (with the necessary excuses) that his object was to say a few words to Lord Harry in private. The change visible in the doctor's manner, when he had been made acquainted with this circumstance, was not amiably expressed; he had the air of a man who suspected that an unfair advantage had been taken of him. Lord Harry, on his side, appeared to feel some hesitation in granting a private interview to Mr. Mountjoy.

"Is it about Miss Henley?" he asked.

Hugh admitted that it was. Lord Harry thereupon suggested that they might be acting wisely if they avoided the subject. Mountjoy answered that there were, on the contrary, reasons for approaching the subject sufficiently important to have induced him to leave London for Hampstead at a late hour of the night.



He found Mr. Vimpany and the young Irishman sitting together, in the friendliest manner, under the composing influence of tobacco.

Hearing this, Lord Harry rose to lead the way to another room. Excluded from his visitor's confidence, Mr. Vimpany could at least remind Mountjoy that he exercised authority as master of the house. "Oh, take him upstairs, my lord," said the doctor; "you are at home under my humble roof!"

The two young men faced each other in the barely-furnished drawing-room; both sufficiently doubtful of the friendly result of the conference to abstain from seating themselves. Hugh came to the point, without wasting time in preparatory words. Admitting that he had heard of Miss Henley's engagement, he asked if Lord Harry was aware of the disastrous consequences to the young lady which would follow her marriage. The reply to this was frankly expressed. The Irish lord knew nothing of the consequences to which Mr. Mountjoy had alluded. Hugh at once enlightened him, and evidently took him completely by surprise.

"May I ask, sir," he said, "if you are speaking from your own personal knowledge?"

"I have just come, my lord, from Mr. Henley's house; and what I have told you, I heard from his own lips."

There was a pause. Hugh was already inclined to think that he had raised an obstacle to the immediate celebration of the marriage. A speedy disappointment was in store for him. Lord Harry was too fond of Iris to be influenced, in his relations with her, by mercenary considerations.

"You put it strongly," he said. "But, let me tell you, Miss Henley is far from being so dependent on her father—he ought to be ashamed of himself, but that's neither here nor there—I say, she is far from being so dependent on her father as you seem to think. I am not, I beg to inform you, without resources which I shall offer to her with all my heart and soul. Perhaps, you wish me to descend to particulars? Oh, it's easily done; I have sold my cottage in Ireland."

"For a large sum—in these times?" Hugh inquired.

"Never mind the sum, Mr. Mountjoy—let the fact be enough for you. And, while we are on the question of money (a disgusting question, with which I refuse to associate the most charming woman in existence), don't forget that Miss Henley has an income of her own; derived, as I understand,

from her mother's fortune. You will do me the justice, sir, to believe that I shall not touch a farthing of it."

"Certainly! But her mother's fortune," Mountjoy continued, obstinately presenting the subject on its darkest side, "consists of shares in a Company. Shares rise and fall—and Companies sometimes fail."

"And a friend's anxiety about Miss Henley's affairs sometimes takes a mighty disagreeable form," the Irishman added, his temper beginning to show itself without disguise. "Let's suppose the worst that can happen, and get all the sooner to the end of a conversation which is far from being agreeable to me. We'll say, if you like, that Miss Henley's shares are waste paper, and her pockets (God bless her!) as empty as pockets can be, does she run any other risk that occurs to your ingenuity in becoming my wife?"

"Yes, she does!" Hugh was provoked into saying. "In the case you have just supposed, she runs the risk of being left a destitute widow—if you die."

He was prepared for an angry reply—for another quarrel added, on that disastrous night, to the quarrel with Mr. Henley. To his astonishment, Lord Harry's brightly-expressive eyes rested on him with a look of mingled distress and alarm. "God forgive me!" he said to himself, "I never thought of that! What am I to do? what am I to do?"

Mountjoy observed that deep discouragement, and failed to understand it.

Here was a desperate adventurer, whose wanderings had over and over again placed his life in jeopardy, now apparently overcome by merely having his thoughts directed to the subject of death! To place on the circumstances such a construction as this was impossible, after a moment's reflection. The other alternative was to assume that there must be some anxiety burdening Lord Harry's mind, which he had motives for keeping concealed—and here indeed the true explanation had been found. The Irish lord had reasons, known only to himself, for recoiling from the contemplation of his own future. After the murder of Arthur Mountjoy, he had severed his connection with the assassinating brother-

hood of the Invincibles; and he had then been warned that he took this step at the peril of his life, if he remained in Great Britain after he had made himself an object of distrust to his colleagues. The discovery, by the secret tribunal, of his return from South Africa would be followed inevitably by the sentence of death. Such was the terrible position which Mountjoy's reply had ignorantly forced him to confront. His fate depended on the doubtful security of his refuge in the doctor's house.

While Hugh was still looking at him, in grave doubt, a new idea seemed to spring to life in Lord Harry's mind. He threw off the oppression that had weighed on his spirits in an instant. His manner towards Mountjoy changed, with the suddenness of a flash of light, from the extreme of coldness to the extreme of cordiality.

"I have got it at last!" he exclaimed, "Let's shake hands. My dear sir, you're the best friend I have ever had!"

The cool Englishman asked: "In what way?"

"In this way, to be sure! You have reminded me that I can provide for Miss Henley—and the sooner the better. There's our friend the doctor down-stairs, ready to be my reference. Don't you see it?"

Obstacles that might prevent the marriage, Mountjoy was ready enough to see. Facilities that might hasten the marriage, found his mind hard of access to new impressions.

"Are you speaking seriously?" he said.

The Irishman's irritable temper began to show itself again.

"Why do you doubt it?" he asked.

"I fail to understand you," Mountjoy replied.

Never—as events were yet to prove—had words of such serious import fallen from Lord Harry's lips as the words that he spoke next.

"Clear your mind of jealousy," he said, "and you will understand me well enough. I agree with you that I am bound to provide for my widow—and I mean to do it by insuring my life."

THE END OF THE SECOND PERIOD.

THIRD PERIOD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEWS OF IRIS.

After his interview with the Irish lord, Mountjoy waited for two days, in the expectation of hearing from Iris. No reply arrived. Had Mr. Vimpany failed to forward the letter that had been entrusted to him?

On the third day, Hugh wrote to make inquiries.

The doctor returned the letter that had been confided to his care, and complained in his reply of the ungrateful manner in which he had been treated. Miss Henley had not trusted him with her new address in London; and Lord Harry had suddenly left Redburn Road; bidding his host goodbye in a few lines of commonplace apology, and nothing more. Mr. Vimpany did not deny that he had been paid for his medical services; but, he would ask, was nothing due to friendship? Was one man justified in enjoying another man's hospitality, and then treating him like a stranger? "I have done with them both—and I recommend you, my dear sir, to follow my example." In those terms the angry (and sober) doctor expressed his sentiments, and offered his advice.

Mountjoy laid down the letter in despair.

His last poor chance of preventing the marriage depended on his being still able to communicate with Iris—and she was as completely lost to him as if she had taken flight to the other end of the world. It might have been possible to discover her by following the movements of Lord Harry, but he too had disappeared without leaving a trace behind him. The precious hours and days were passing—and Hugh was absolutely helpless.

Tortured by anxiety and suspense, he still lingered at the hotel in London. More than once, he decided on giving up the struggle and returning to his pretty cottage in Scotland. More than once, he deferred taking the journey. At one time, he dreaded to hear that Iris was married, if she wrote to him.

Hugh in past days, and her earnest desire that they might still hear of each other, from time to time, by correspondence. She could not venture to anticipate the pleasure of receiving a visit from him, under present circumstances. But, she hoped that he would not object to write to her, addressing his letters, for the present, to poste-restante.

In a postscript a few words were added, alluding to Mr. Vimpany. Hugh was requested not to answer any inquiries which that bad man might venture to make, relating to her husband or to herself. In the bygone days, she had been thankful to the doctor for the care which he had taken, medically speaking, of Rhoda Bennet. But, since that time, his behaviour to his wife, and the opinions which he had expressed in familiar conversation with Lord Harry, had convinced her that he was an unprincipled person. All further communication with him (if her influence could prevent it) must come to an end.

Still as far as ever from feeling reconciled to the marriage, Mountjoy read this letter with a feeling of resentment which disinclined him to answer it.

He believed (quite erroneously) that Iris had written to him under the superintendence of her husband. There were certain phrases which had been, as he chose to suspect, dictated by Lord Harry's distrust—jealous distrust, perhaps—of his wife's friend. Mountjoy would wait to reply, until, as he bitterly expressed it, Iris was able to write to him without the assistance of her master.

Again he thought of returning to Scotland—and, again, he hesitated.

On this occasion, he discovered objections to the cottage, which had not occurred to him while Iris was a single woman. The situation was solitary; his nearest neighbours were fishermen. Here and there, at some little distance, there were only a few scattered houses inhabited by retired tradesmen. Farther away yet, there was the country-seat of an absent person of distinction, whose health suffered in the climate of Scotland.

The lonely life in prospect, on the shores of the Solway, now daunted Mountjoy for the first time.

He decided on trying what society in London would do to divert his mind from the burdens and anxieties that weighed on it. Acquaintances whom he had neglected were pleasantly surprised by visits from their rich and agreeable young friend. He attended dinner-parties; he roused hope in mothers and daughters by accepting invitations to balls; he reappeared at his club. Was there any relief to his mind in this? Was there even amusement? No; he was acting a part, and he found it a hard task to keep up appearances. After a brief and brilliant interval, society knew him no more.

Left by himself again, he enjoyed one happy evening in London. It was the evening on which he relented, in spite of himself, and wrote to Iris.

(To be continued.)

NOVELS.

Miss Shafto. By W. E. Norris. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—The motives of interest in such novels as those of Mr. Norris, where the individual characters are developed by their mutual relations in circumstances bounded by their social positions in ordinary English life, are not sensational or emotional; and it is a cool, soft atmosphere, with only the changes of weather belonging to a temperate climate, that pervades this agreeable story. The heroine's father is an

amiable country gentleman, a widower having no other children, who has been tempted to confide for the improvement of his fortune in the great London financial gambler Baron Lämmergeier, M.P., and is eventually stripped of all his property, including his ancestral estate of Brampton, through the failure of worthless speculative investments. Miss Shafto, whose Christian name is Norma, has beauty, intelligence, and a high, brave spirit, with no vehement inclination to fall in love, but with a decided capacity of entertaining friendship and esteem for worthy persons of the opposite sex. The worthiest man of her acquaintance is Lord Walter Sinclair, brother to a Marquis, but living on a small private income, and hoping to double or treble it, some day, by the professional exercise of his talent as a sculptor. Having known each other from boyhood and girlhood, the renewal of a frank, unembarrassed intercourse between them does not for some time give rise to any special demands of the heart in either person; indeed, Lord Walter's fancy is soon captivated by the charms of Madge Wilton, a pretty flirt who indulges her feminine vanity with any passing conquests in her reach, but who means only to marry for a rich establishment. She impudently jilts Lord Walter, after making him travel to Scotland on purpose to meet her, when she tells him that she has accepted Sir Christopher Shearman; and he has the sense to perceive that for himself, at any rate, it is a happy escape. In the winter, all parties meeting again in Rome, and Madge having become Lady Shearman, the levity of her behaviour provokes her husband, a stupid, ill-tempered man, to a ridiculous exhibition of jealousy, while Lord Walter treats her with just severity, and she is naturally enraged. Believing him to be now attached to Miss Shafto, she endeavours to deprive him of her esteem by communicating a false version of the story of a young woman, the victim of a secret marriage, an unacknowledged wife dismissed with a pension, who lately died in the country near Brampton, where the Shearmans reside. The fact is that this mysterious "Mrs. Walter" was the wife of Lord Loddondale, the brother of Lord Walter Sinclair, and that the latter was perfectly innocent and ignorant of the affair. The Marquis, who passed for a bachelor, does not seem to have been vicious or profligate, or to have acted treacherously and cruelly to a woman he had rashly wedded and could not live with. He is a queer horsey fellow, blunt and rude in manners, addicted to the turf, averse to ladies' society, keen and shrewd, good-natured and straightforward. It is the singular experience of Miss Shafto, at a time when her own father's prospects are sadly embarrassed, to have to refuse offers of marriage, successively, from both the brothers, Lord Walter and the Marquis of Loddondale. Her rejection of the former, a poor man but a gentleman of good presence and fine culture, is caused by Lady Shearman's vindictive attempt to destroy his character for purity and integrity; but this intrigue is ultimately defeated by her learning the truth. A Mr. Morley, a literary coxcomb, philosopher, critic, and poet, who has meddled with the story of the secret marriage for his own purposes, and who makes a great fool of himself as a suitor of Miss Shafto, is one of the minor figures. In the end, by no very improbable train of circumstances, the impoverishment of Mr. Shafto, the fidelity of Lord Walter, his success as a sculptor, his discreet services, and the exchange of satisfactory explanations, bring Norma and her unselfish lover into closer relations. So the poor old gentleman dies of paralysis; the rich young Marquis, by a sudden death, leaves

to his brother a grand title and large estates, with a good legacy to Norma Shafto; and the admirable pair, really a nice couple, ascend to the social heaven of rank and wealth in the full enjoyment of matrimonial felicity, "world without end, Amen."

Under a Strange Mask. By Frank Barrett. Illustrated. Two vols. (Cassell and Co.)—The first volume, which is entirely pleasing, relates by itself a simple idyllic story, which comes through a few not impossible incidents to such a satisfactory result that we could well dispense with the more exciting events of the second volume. Miss Sylvester, an orphan heiress, living alone at Loevalley Court, somewhere on the North Devon or Cornwall seacoast, is a delightful young person, who has diligently improved the estate, hitherto legally owned by her eccentric old grandfather, an exile from England more than fifty years. The adjacent property, large in extent but neglected and unprofitable, belongs to young Lord Redlands, who comes to see it for the first time. A worthy country solicitor, Mr. Keene, who narrates the story, is an old friend of the Sylvester family, privileged even to greet the young lady with a fatherly kiss, having known her from babyhood. Lord Redlands, being poor, wants to sell his estate to Miss Sylvester, or rather to her grandfather, who is in Italy, and who is understood to have bequeathed it to her. But a few days after his arrival the discovery of valuable iron ore in the rocks of his Lordship's territory causes him to change his mind. He has not called at Loevalley Court, but he repeatedly meets the simply dressed and unaffected girl, playing the harmonium in the church, sitting behind the counter in the shop of the village postmistress, or teaching in the parish school. Having no idea that she is Miss Sylvester, and being charmed with her appearance and conversation, Lord Redlands falls in love with her, confides to her his schemes for the working of the iron ore, and is frankly supplied by her with useful local information to help him in this business. After breaking off the negotiations for the sale of the estate, he energetically sets to work, at the same time offering his heart and hand to the unknown young lady, who readily accepts him, whereupon he finds she is the mistress of Loevalley Court. So far, it is a pretty little story, told with a gentle humour and easy grace that must be agreeable to the well-disposed reader. But the sequel is of a different quality, introducing a couple of fraudulent conspirators who threaten not only to deprive Miss Sylvester of her inheritance but also to destroy her peace of mind, to cast the shadow of heinous guilt on her family, and to prevent her intended marriage with Lord Redlands. Old Sylvester, her grandfather, whom she had never seen, dying just before the message was sent concerning the proposed purchase of the estate, his cunning secretary, one Lestrangle, with a suitable accomplice, artfully disguising himself as an infirm octogenarian, has come to England personating the grandfather. She is deceived by a horrid story, the pretended confession of the murder of Lord Redlands's grandfather by her own grandfather above half a century ago, with the further allegation that the old man's will in her favour has been revoked, and that his property is to go to Lestrangle. The object of the conspirators is to extort hush-money to the amount of £50,000. How this atrocious plot is detected and baffled, and Miss Sylvester delivered, by the efforts of Mr. Keene and Lord Redlands, may be seen in the latter part of the tale, which is of an exciting complexion, but lacks the air of verisimilitude. These volumes are adorned with clever sketches of the characters and of interesting scenes.

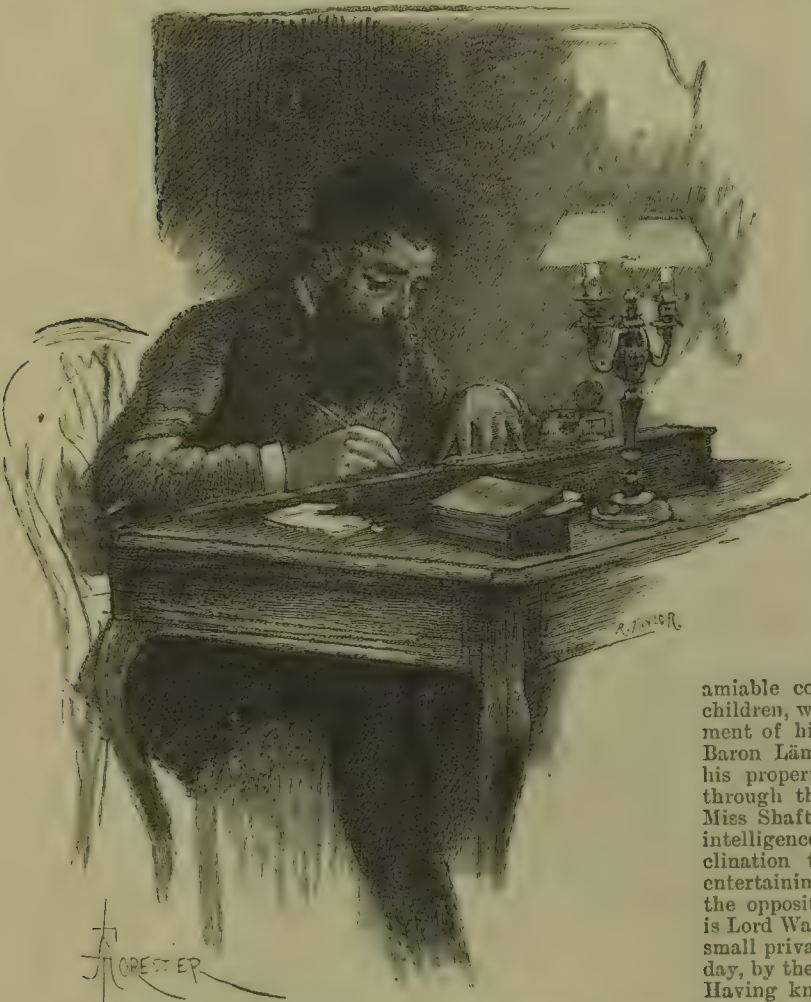
Princess Sunshine; and other Stories. By Mrs. Riddell. Two vols. (Ward and Downey.)—A pleasant and wholesome story, named in the title, occupies the first volume and some thirty pages of the second. The hero, Gregory Gifford, having been left by a careless father incumbered with the charge of three sisters and a younger brother, supports them mainly by his literary industry as an anonymous London journalist. He has further contrived, by the produce of his own brain-work, privately to replace a sum of £3000 which his father had improperly used and lost in speculations—a fund held by him as trustee for Joan Douglas. Two of the sisters are unamiable, while the third is pretty and silly, and Percy Gifford, a junior clerk in a Government office, is the type of selfish conceitedness. The suburban home at Clapton is by no means cheerful till Joan, the best-natured girl in the world, comes to dwell under its roof. As Gregory, now her legal guardian, is but thirty-three years of age, there is no reason why these two good and generous persons should not, in a short time, be in love with each other. We agree, on this point, with the opinion of her friend Lady Hester Archer, and not less decidedly think Gregory's fraternal bounty goes too far in paying young Percy's debts to save him from the loss of his clerkship. The ingratitude of that insolent fop, and of the heartless sisters, is more than any brother ought to stand; but Gregory has never revealed to them, in all his years of self-denying toil, the additional burden he laid upon himself to preserve their father's memory from disgrace. In this reticence, also, we must consider him to have behaved unwisely: there should be, in all family matters of a pecuniary kind, full knowledge of the facts, and a full recognition of the equity of the case, before one gives up anything to the other members of the family. But Gregory's position happily improves so far as to allow him to accept the maiden love offered him by Joan in the guise of a little fairy-tale, which is that of "Princess Sunshine." The character of the "other stories" is altogether different: one tells of a gentleman haunted by the wet footsteps of a girl drowned in the Thames; and the last is a medical man's account of the manner in which a husband was detected slowly poisoning his wife. These tales are too grim to be put under the same cover with "Princess Sunshine."

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has dispatched a further contribution of £300 to the Governor of Pennsylvania for the relief of the sufferers by the Johnstown disaster.

The Town Council of Linlithgow, on the occasion of the departure of Lord Hopetoun to assume the Governorship of Victoria, conferred upon him the freedom of that ancient and Royal burgh.

Mr. W. H. Grenfell, of Taplow Court, Maidenhead, has given to the town a public recreation ground, comprising about fourteen acres, for a period of ninety-nine years. The ground is situated in the centre of the town, and, besides affording ample space for sports, contains wooded slopes and winding walks.

During August 26,968 emigrants of British origin left the kingdom, being 11,889 English, 2221 Scotch, and 4606 Irish: 18,716 went to the United States, 3413 to British North America, 2408 to Australasia, and 2431 to other places. During the last eight months the number of British emigrants has been 181,997. The emigration to the United States was, during this year, less by some 22,000; to British North America, less by nearly 6000; to Australasia, less by about 1300; and to other places, greater, by about 7500, than that of the corresponding period of last year.—About 57,000 Germans emigrated to America from January to July.



Left by himself again, he enjoyed one happy evening in London. It was the evening on which he relented, in spite of himself, and wrote to Iris.

At another time, he felt mortified and disappointed by the neglect which her silence implied. Was she near him, or far from him? In England, or out of England? Who could say?

After more weary days of waiting and suffering a letter arrived, addressed to Mountjoy in a strange handwriting, and bearing the post-mark of Paris. The signature revealed that his correspondent was Lord Harry.

His first impulse was to throw the letter into the fire, unread. There could be little doubt, after the time that had passed, of the information that it would contain. Could he endure to be told of the marriage of Iris, by the man who was her husband? Never! There was something humiliating in the very idea of it. He arrived at that conclusion—and what did he do in spite of it? He read the letter.

Lord Harry wrote with scrupulous politeness of expression. He regretted that circumstances had prevented him from calling on Mr. Mountjoy, before he left England. After the conversation that had taken place at Mr. Vimpany's house, he felt it his duty to inform Mr. Mountjoy that he had insured his life—and, he would add, for a sum of money amply, and more than amply, sufficient to provide for his wife in the event of her surviving him. Lady Harry desired her kind regards, and would write immediately to her old and valued friend. In the meantime, he would conclude by repeating the expression of his sense of obligation to Mr. Mountjoy.

Hugh looked back at the first page of the letter, in search of the writer's address. It was simply, "Paris." The intention to prevent any further correspondence, or any personal communication, could hardly have been more plainly implied. In another moment, the letter was in the fire.

In two days more, Hugh heard from Iris.

She, too, wrote regretfully of the sudden departure from England; adding, however, that it was her own doing. A slip of the tongue, on Lord Harry's part, in the course of conversation, had led her to fear that he was still in danger from political conspirators with whom he had imprudently connected himself. She had accordingly persuaded him to tell her the whole truth, and had thereupon insisted on an immediate departure for the Continent. She and her husband were now living in Paris; Lord Harry having friends in that city whose influence might prove to be of great importance to his pecuniary prospects. Some sentences followed, expressing the writer's grateful remembrance of all that she had owed to

THE ROYAL GORGE OF COLORADO.

It scarcely accords with the idea of republican simplicity to find in America so many regal and pretentious names of places and things. There are numerous Palace Hotels—the phrase being used to denote a caravanserai of gigantic size—fitted up with all the gorgeousness of the modern rococo upholsterer, especially with mighty mirrors and miles of thick carpet, and capable of accommodating a thousand or more guests who are supposed to find under one roof everything they can possibly want, or that money can procure. Then there are Palace Cars on the railroads, sumptuously furnished and well worth using, apart from this, for the sake of the vastly increased comfort and quiet which they afford. The word “palatial” is continually met with in the States. It seems to be employed in a generic sense to signify anything very large, and meant to be imposing, whether the structure be a court-house, a bank, an insurance company's office, a huge shop, or the private dwelling of a millionaire.

A similar turgid style of phraseology is used in describing natural scenery. There are “Grands” and “Royals” without number, as is the case with “scenic routes.” Writers of guide-books all the world over are chartered libertines in the use of magniloquent language. Too much should not be made of this. Similar offences against good taste and verbal accuracy, if amplified in America, are commensurate with the vastness of the country, of which its people are so proud. But what can be urged in defence of the following sentences—two out of many that might be quoted—from a book that has had a large circulation, and written by a distinguished clergyman in New York? “The inner chambers of God's great granite safes, where the silver and gold have been stored for ages to enrich this generation, are fastened with time-locks, set for the advent of the railway.” “Does it not look as if God were not only preparing in our civilisation the die with which to stamp the peoples of the earth, but as if He were also massing behind the mighty power with which to press it?”

However, the thing is done. Names once given, and generally accepted, are apt to cling. It is unfortunate, and somewhat degrading, that such stagey titles as the Royal Gorge, the Queen of the Cañons, and similar fustian should have been affixed to the sublimest cañons in Colorado. But there the labels stand, impudently confronting all beholders, and cannot be removed. Leaving Pueblo for the west, the main line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad closely follows the course of the Arkansas River to Salida, a distance of ninety-seven miles. About halfway, just beyond Cañon City, where several mineral springs are found, both hot and cold, the valley rapidly narrows, until it becomes a mere rift in the lofty mountains of sandstone and limestone. Through this deep and gloomy chasm the river foams and churns. At all times it rushes along with the impetuosity of a torrent, as if resenting the stern, rocky walls that mark its winding, narrow, turbulent course. After heavy rains or the melting of the winter's snows, it is swollen into a huge volume of boiling, seething, tempestuous waves. These pour down with ceaseless roar and with irresistible force on their way to the Mississippi, a thousand miles to the east.

Along the tortuous channel worn for ages by this Arkansas River, the only outlet on that side for an immense mountain watershed, the railroad has been constructed. It seems impossible that human daring should have attempted and that human ingenuity should have accomplished such a piece of engineering. For nearly fifty miles the course of both river and railroad is locked in by lofty precipices, rising sheer in places from one to three thousand feet, and so narrow at the top that only a thin line of sky is visible. Into these abysmal depths the sun shines for not more than two or three hours in the middle of the summer day, just before and after attaining the zenith. At other times the gorge is wrapped in sombre gloom. At night there is a darkness that may be felt, like that once experienced in Egypt. Into these profundities birds seldom penetrate. Insect life is almost extinct, for the frail, lovely, gossamer things must have the sunshine.

Through these grim and awful fastnesses the railroad has been led. Sometimes it rests upon a thin ledge, hewn or blasted out of the massive walls. At other times it is conducted over elaborate trestle-work, spanning deep gaps between jagged fragments of rock lying in the river-bed. For size and for fantastic shapes and positions these look as if the Titans had made sport here in the olden time. The river is crossed and recrossed perpetually by the railroad, as one side or the other presented facilities in a task that was uniformly difficult and adventurous. Here and there the track is literally slung in the air over it, between solid walls that threaten to fall in and overwhelm the line with irremediable destruction. Now it seems as if a barrier of adamant frowned across the narrow and winding track, but a sharp and sudden turn reveals a further channel for fifty or a hundred yards. Then another obstacle is presented, that appears to be hopeless and fatal, but it too is circumvented at an alarming tangent.

Although the interest and the excitement of the traveller culminate in what is termed the Royal Gorge, they by no means cease there. The entire course is full of marvels. If time be limited, an accurate general idea can be obtained by taking the Rio Grande road from Denver by Colorado Springs and Manitou to Pueblo, thence through the Royal Gorge and the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas to Salida, and over the Marshall Pass to Gunnison. Thence some magnificent excursions can be made over the mountains by stage to Ouray, Silverton, Wagon Wheel Gap, and other places, or by rail to Crested Butte. Magnificent scenery, the purest air, good fishing, and an inspection of vast mineral industries will reward the traveller. He need be under no apprehension about bed and board, usually of a superior order, if he properly times his journeys and makes due inquiries.

From Gunnison there is a line back to Denver by the Union Pacific system, furnishing an opportunity to visit Leadville and Fremont Pass, the highest railroad in the world, 11,540 ft. above the sea-level. The description above given of the Royal Gorge applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to all the valley roads in this region, and especially to the Black Cañon of the Gunnison. Through all of them the train glides between lofty perpendicular, solid walls, passing at intervals other mighty cañons opening out into unknown regions. Occasionally is seen a trickling stream, or a filmy, lacelike waterfall, coming down the mountain-sides from a great height. Or a spacious amphitheatre is passed, in which stands solitary a towering monument of solid stone, like Gunnison's Butte or the Curcanti Needle. In the narrow gorges the opposite inclosing walls look as if they had been cleft and riven as by one effort of the Cyclops. The opposite cliffs resemble a gigantic series of mortises and tenons, so that if they could be brought together no crevice would remain. In one place a huge promontory rears its awful form; in another a protruding crag overhangs like a watch-tower on a lofty castle-wall; in a third is seen a massive fanciful profile. And so, wonder succeeding wonder—Pelion piled on Ossa, now entombed as in a rock prison, then emerging into gorgeous sunlight—this natural panorama flits past the astonished and enraptured gaze, leaving memories that remain a joy for ever. W. H. S. A.

MUSIC.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

This celebration (the one hundred and sixty-sixth meeting of the associated Cathedral Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester) terminated on Sept. 6, most of the performances having taken place too late for comment until now. As previously stated, the festival opened with “Elijah,” which, ever since its production at the Birmingham Festival of 1846, has generally been chosen for the inauguration of most of our provincial festivals. The principal solo vocalists at Gloucester were Madame Albani, Mrs. Ambler-Brereton; Misses Anna Williams, H. Wilson, and M. Morgan; Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. B. Foote.

The novelty of the Gloucester Festival was a church cantata entitled “The Last Night at Bethany,” composed by Mr. C. L. Williams, to text supplied by the skilled and practised hand of Mr. Joseph Bennett. The subject, it need scarcely be said, is the final visit of Christ to the home of Mary and Martha, with attendant incidents. The narrative is briefly carried on by a contralto, the chief musical interest being in the choruses. Mr. Williams's music is appropriately serious and devotional in character, and will be widely acceptable for use in the services of the Church; an incidental hymn, in which the congregation can join, being a special feature, as in Bach's church cantatas. The choral writing is of a very musicianly order, and impressive in effect, while being within the powers of ordinary choirs, to many of which the work will be an acceptable boon. The solo portions were rendered by Madame Albani, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton. The cantata was followed by a selection from Haydn's “Creation.”

A quasi novelty of the festival week was Dr. Parry's “Judith,” originally produced with great success at the Birmingham Festival in August last year, and afterwards performed, with equal success, at one of Novello's Oratorio Concerts in London. At the Gloucester Festival it was given for the first time in a cathedral, where, from the solemn surroundings, it produced even an enhanced effect. The principal solo vocalists were Misses Anna Williams and H. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Brereton. Of other sacred works included in the Gloucester performances it is unnecessary to speak in detail: it will suffice to mention that they were (as briefly indicated in our previous notice) Rossini's “Stabat Mater,” soloists the same as those just named; Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata “The Prodigal Son,” in which Madame Albani, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. B. Foote were the solo vocalists; Gounod's “Messe Solennelle,” with the solos assigned to Madame Albani and the two gentlemen last named; Spohr's “Last Judgment,” with Misses Anna Williams and M. Morgan, Mr. Nicholl, and Mr. B. Foote as soloists; and the “Messiah” as the closing oratorical performance, the solos in this having been rendered by Madame Albani, Mrs. Ambler-Brereton, Misses H. Wilson and M. Morgan, Mr. Nicholl, Mr. B. Foote, and Mr. Brereton. When “The Prodigal Son” was performed, it was preceded by Sir Arthur Sullivan's deeply impressive overture “In Memoriam.” A special evening service was held in the cathedral on Sept. 6, when the full chorus and orchestra were associated. This service, which included a performance of Mendelssohn's “Hymn of Praise,” formed an appropriate and impressive close to the week's proceedings.

The two miscellaneous evening concerts in the Shirehall may be briefly dismissed. The most important works given there were Dr. Mackenzie's cantata “The Dream of Jubal” and Sir Arthur Sullivan's setting of “The Golden Legend,” both of which have so frequently been performed and commented on that mere mention may now suffice. The principal vocalists in the first-named work were Misses Anna Williams and M. Morgan, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. B. Foote. The incidental blank verse was very efficiently recited by Mr. Charles Fry. In “The Golden Legend” the principal soloists were Madame Albani, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton.

At the first evening concert, in the Shirehall, a violin concerto, composed by Herr Hans Sitt, was introduced for the first time in England, the executant having been Mr. B. Carrodus, son (and we believe pupil) of the eminent violinist Mr. J. T. Carrodus. The work is well written for its primary purpose—the display of technical skill in the execution of the solo part, the many difficulties of which were very effectively surmounted by young Mr. Carrodus. On the same evening, the programme also included a new cantata entitled “Elysium,” the composition of Miss R. F. Ellicott, daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester. The text of the work is from Mrs. Hemans's poem; and Miss Ellicott's music is set for orchestra, chorus, and soprano solo; this last having been assigned to Miss Anna Williams. The composition is pleasingly melodious, the choral portions being, perhaps, the best. The work is certainly above the average amateur standard.

The performances of the festival week were generally of a high order; the chorus-singing (with but few exceptions) especially so. The duties of conductor were thoroughly well fulfilled by Mr. Lee Williams, with the exception of the works by Dr. Parry, Dr. Mackenzie, and Sir Arthur Sullivan, which were directed by the respective composers. The festival appears to have been successful, not only in a musical sense, but also as regards its benevolent purpose.

The Promenade Concerts at our two opera-houses are continuing to provide ample attractions for sojourners in, and visitors to, the metropolis. At Covent-Garden, a recent classical night included Mendelssohn's “Scotch” symphony and other works of established fame, among them having been the same composer's first pianoforte concerto, which was excellently rendered by Madame Roger-Miclos, who played, with equal success, some smaller pieces in the subsequent miscellaneous part of the concert, in which the clever cornet-playing of Mdlle. Berger was a feature. During the evening effective vocal solos were contributed by Miss Nikita, Madame Belle Cole, and Mr. C. Chilly. The Saturday concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre are partly arranged according to a plebiscite, the votes of the audience being taken in favour of some of the principal pieces. Thus, on the last occasion, the numbers were: Grand march, “Tannhäuser” (votes 3847) (Wagner); overture, “Wilhelm Tell” (votes 3840) (Rossini); rustic dance, storm, and hymn of thanksgiving (Beethoven), from the “Pastoral Symphony” (votes 2760); intermezzo, “Forget Me Not” (votes 2342) (Allan Macbeth), strings only; waltz, “Christmas Roses” (votes 1964) (Waldteufel); grand selection, “Faust” (votes 3734) (Gounod). The vocalists on Sept. 7 were Mdlle. Elly Warnots, Miss Leo, Mr. I. McKay, and Mr. C. Manners. The brilliant violin-playing of M. Tivadar Nachez and the cornet-playing of Mr. Howard Reynolds were features of the programme.

The Zoological Society of London have received a white peacock, which preserves the markings that distinguish the species, particularly the large eye-like spots on the tail feathers, looking exactly like the pattern on a damask tablecloth. There is at present quite a large number of albino animals in the gardens, including a white mole-rat from the Cape Colony and a white monkey.

“BECAUSE.”

An esteemed contributor to this Journal has recently enlarged on the importance of the “Why” in human affairs, and suggested some particular instances of “Whys” to which, so far as he could judge, no satisfactory answers seemed forthcoming. Far be it from me to speak with disrespect of a word which has found so accomplished an advocate, or to attempt a reply to interrogatives which may well be left where he has left them; but I feel impelled to contend for the superior value of the “Because.” A moment's reflection will show, I think, that the claim I put forward is one which in the very nature of things must be allowed. “Why” is tentative; “Because,” authoritative. “Why” unsettles; “Because” confirms and establishes. “Why” provokes and stimulates; “Because” satisfies. “Why” is the disciple's word; “Because,” the teacher's. Surely the solution is always more valuable than the problem? and the answer must be better than the question, which you would hardly ask unless you desired and expected it to be answered. Would you place the scientific titos, who wonderingly inquired for generations “Why” the planets kept to their regular courses in “the illimitable void,” above Newton, who, in the theory of gravitation, supplied an irrefutable “Because”? I think we all of us accord a higher meed of merit to the men of science who now explain the “Beauses” of the elements than to the restless inquirers who, for centuries, did nothing but beat the air and assail the heavens with their “Whys”! In fact, it is the privilege and duty of later generations to answer “Because” to the “Why” of their predecessors; and, roughly speaking, we may say that the scientific record of the world, down to a comparatively recent date, was summed up in that one irrepressible and inevitable monosyllable “Why”; and that it is only of late years that the labours of our physicists, and their experiments, have enabled us to begin that new chapter in which is to be stated, with ever-increasing clearness and fulness, the “Because.”

To discover and determine the “Because” is, indeed, the main business of humanity. It is the foundation of our theology, the motive of our moral philosophy, the object of our politics. Of one great fact we may be sure: that there is, and must be, to every “Why” a “Because”; and it is the purpose of human effort surely, if slowly, to reduce the number of the “Whys” to which no answer, or no adequate answer, has yet been found. The “Why” is always apparent on the surface; whereas the “Because” lies so deep down that our plummets too often fail to sound it. When a mother watches by the bedside of her dying child, in an agony that is tearless because it is so intense, the groan that bursts from her lips will not unnaturally, if unwisely, shape itself into a “Why?” But when the first wild outburst is over she will lend her ear to the Angel of Consolation, who comes with an answering “Because” from the Throne of God. Turn from Lucullus and his sumptuous feast, where “mala copia,” as Horace says, “ægrum sollicitat stomachum,” to the gaunt wretch, with no stomach to speak of, starving in the crowded city's “slums,” and the first thought that occurs to you is, no doubt, “Why?” Again, the spectacle of politicians contending for “Stars and Garters”—the spoils of office—or of Czars and Kings playing with immense hosts of armed men as if they were pawns on a chess-board, provokes an inquiring, regretful, half-contemptuous “Why?” So, too, the inequalities in our social commonwealth—the contrast between capital, in purple and fine linen, and labour, (too often) in shoddy or in rags—calls forth, more and more frequently, an angry and perhaps a not always unreasonable “Why?” Nor is it of any use to parry these or similar demands with the stock commonplaces of the moralists. The “Because” is being uttered in tones which are sometimes of warning, sometimes of menace, but loud enough in all conscience to compel us to listen. We are listening—*intents auribus*. We are trying to grope our way to a right, a satisfying, and an enduring “Because,” and (if we can find it) to determine how best we can act upon it; in what mode we can solve those painful, troublesome problems—those “Whys,” whether of justice or injustice, sober inquiry or passionate appeal—over which for weary ages the purblind Titan has been heavily pondering.

The progress made thus far may seem, to the pessimistic observer, small indeed. A certain measure of faint-heartedness is not unintelligible when one contemplates the mountains of “Whys” which have to be levelled—the labyrinths of crooked places which have to be made straight. These are the accumulations of centuries which were content to acknowledge and indicate the existence of difficulties, without making a sincere attempt to overcome them. Philosophers, moralists, politicians, theologians—each was satisfied to set up his little signpost pointing in this direction or in that, but he religiously forebore to undertake the journey. Each laid down his Chat Moss on the map, and left it for some future Stephenson to fill up the dreary bog. Alas! poor Humanity; for how many ages—weary ages—it wasted its early energies! On what literary trifles, on what metaphysical subtleties, on what crude theological dogmas, on what hide-bound political theories it stammered out its “Whys”—with gestures of despondency and looks of bewilderment—with faltering steps that scarcely approached the solid ground of an adequate “Because”! I do not deny that this preliminary stage of investigation, analysis—call it what you like—was indispensable. It is impossible to get at the “Because” until you have settled upon the “Why.”

All honour, then, to those who have helped us in the quest—who to our despairing cries have responded with the clarion-sound of a “Because”—who, seeing us tossed to and fro on a sea of doubt, have thrown to us a solid plank to ensure our salvation. No small courage have they needed—think of the intrepidity of a Luther, the fortitude of a Galileo, the majestic self-confidence of a Bacon! Few of us can hope to reach the elevated standard of those heroes of humanity. We can all falter out our “Whys”; but only the higher minds, the world's master spirits, who look into the life of things, and with a rare spiritual insight penetrate the mysteries of Nature, can climb the heights and thence bring down—as Moses brought the tables of the Law from “out of the midst of the fire, of the cloud, and of the thick darkness” of Mount Horeb—those great “Beauses” which should meet every doubt. It is true that too often we refuse to accept the answer. Though to the agonising “Why” of Life and Death, which humanity in a thousand different voices had been asking from the beginning, Christ, in the fulness of time, responded with an unalterable “Because,” commissioning His Apostles to repeat and expound it, there are those among us to this day who mutter the “Why” as if it had never been disposed of, and turn to Brahma, Zerdusht, Buddha, Mahomet, Comte, as if Christ had never died nor St. Paul preached. In like manner, the great moral difficulties which men of light and leading would clear up for us by insisting on the “Because” which the everlasting-laws of truth and love supply, we suffer still to confuse and obscure us. Well, this at least is certain: that the “Why” of Life and Death will be solved by the “Because” of Eternity. There are other and less solemn—though many perplexing—“Whys,” to which we may hope man himself, in this present world, will, by a frank recognition of immutable truths be able to discover the—“Because.” W. H. D.-A.



LADY CRICKETERS: A GOOD CATCH.

DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

The air has been tolerably full, of late, of echoes and re-echoes of a very antiquated question—namely, that which inquires whether life is worth living. If one may judge of the importance of an inquiry by its age, this question may almost claim precedence of all other matters which have interested mankind. There is something highly interesting to the scientific mind, I think, in such a controversy; because, first of all, it seems to me the problem of life being worth living must be solved, and can be solved only by the aid of science. Then, also, it becomes clear that public thought is by no means quite so selfish an affair as we are often tempted to believe. We are having discussed by the people, as I write, a grave philosophic question; and that folks should spare time to indite their views and opinions on such a matter, in this bustling age, is truly a sign of the times from which one might argue that disinterestedness and unselfishness are not, after all, either unknown or unpractised in modern life. Yet throughout the controversy or symposium, as it might better be termed (I have read the contributions of wisdom and experience with care, as a pleasant exercise on a Continental holiday), one misses a practical ring in the guidance which most of the writers have to give in this matter of living wisely and living well. It seems perfectly clear that many of the scribes who discuss that topic in the papers require a guiding clue to close argument. They become discursive and often aggravating in their discussion of the thousand and one ills of life, until, as I heard a peppery old Anglo-Indian remark at Dinant the other day, "life would be worth living, if it weren't for the asses who write to the papers!"

This was not a fair or just remark, however, and, judging from the physique of the critic, one may presume that years of broiling beneath a tropical sun may have tinged his view of life and its value in a very decided fashion. The first essential to a pleasurable life, in my humble opinion, is a sound body. Let us, at least, begin with this plain dictum. It offers us a sound footing in a perfect quagmire of absurdities and trivial talk about the aims and ends of life. What was it that Charles Reade made that delightful Dr. Sampson ("th' Author an' Inventor of th' Great Chronothairmal Therey o' Medicine, th' Unity Perriodicity an' Remittency of all disease") say, when he was dilating on the value of life—"Jin'yus! Jin'yus! Tak' care o' your carkus!"? There was, very great, wisdom in the worthy doctor's remark. The possession of perfect health is the first great essential for happiness: it is equally the first essential for the perfect exercise of mind; and it therefore forms the first item for our consideration when we ask the question, Is life worth living? To the healthy man or woman who takes care of his or her "carkus" all things in the way of advance and enjoyment, physical and mental, are possible. Conversely, with a body weakened, no matter how or why, most things become impossible, or, if not actually unattainable, they are at least achieved with difficulty and through pain and tribulation of spirit. Sound health is the first condition for enjoying life; and, if we reflect upon the common causes of life's failure in a social sense, we may easily prove that much of the want of success is due to sheer physical incapacity to enjoy existence. This incapacity, again, largely arises from the lack of knowledge about health and its laws. I may be pardoned for laying stress on this ignorance, because I happen to be very practically associated with a certain work and labour of diffusing such knowledge broadcast, and because I know how much work yet lies ready to the hand of the reformer in things sanitary. With thousands of units around and about us, possessing weakened bodies and living under conditions the reverse of sanitary and the antipodes of cleanliness, freshness, and brightness; and, furthermore, with the clear and plain fact that such bodily weaknesses are perpetuated onwards in increasing force from one generation to the next, who can wonder that life is decidedly not worth living or worth having at the cheapest rate? Do we need to go much further than this very primary matter of health as an all-sufficient cause for failure in most of the things, aims, and aspirations which make up the Life Beautiful?

This, then, is my first contention. But there are other points which deserve and demand consideration at the hands of those who discuss the question at issue. When the poet longs for the "simpler life," and for the fuller existence, he is expressing a very real and crying desire which many an earnest mind among us feels very strongly and really in these latter days. Our age has been described as an intensely artificial one, and one must admit the grave truth of the assertion. Social advance, it is said, has made us all more luxurious in our living than was the case even a quarter of a century or so gone by, and that the statement cannot be gainsaid is obvious. People now-a-days are not contented with the comparatively plain ways and works of their forefathers. There is a desire, widely represented, "that the nobodies among us should all be somebodies," as a writer graphically puts it; and, in the struggle to evolve a social order which shall eclipse all preceding states, luxury and extravagance come to the front, and alter the ways of life, and that very much for the worse. If any one of us chooses to appeal to his own experience, he may easily discover that, in countless ways, in the matter of foods and drinks, clothing, amusements, and so forth, he is tempted in a thousand directions towards luxury as against simplicity. This tendency must operate, I fancy, in producing discontent in the case of thousands; and life, therefore, seems to fall short of satisfaction, just because our ideas of what constitutes happiness and comfort have become themselves essentially of an impossible type. It may be that this striving after wealth and distinction is, in its way, by no means a bad thing after all. What one sees is that we have to pay a certain penalty when we enter upon a course of life of this kind, in respect of the dissatisfaction which is sure to ensue when we have to content ourselves with the lower place instead of the so-called higher station. If our teachers will only preach at us and to us about the simplification of life, I can imagine they will have at least secured a very pregnant text for their admonitions. My Anglo-Indian acquaintance put it pungently enough when he said of this matter that "they've begun to simplify our funerals; but, by Jove, Sir! that's tackling the question at the wrong end."

It is plain enough that there is no panacea for the ills and disappointments to which life is subject. The treatment, to use a medical term, is only palliative, not radical. One cannot lay down laws and precepts which can make every man and woman happy. Out of Utopia itself there could not exist such a condition as that of universal satisfaction with everybody and everything. But humanity has had sufficient experience of life and living, nevertheless, to make it clear and plain that certain broad rules of conduct carry in their practice the germs of the true answer to the question, "Is Life Worth Living?" To be honest and true and upright, let us hope, will never become an old-fashioned order. If to these things one adds that we must be healthy as a primary condition of life, we may find, with Dr. Sampson, that following closely on the care of the "carkus" is a whole host of other ways and means of enjoying existence in fairly full measure. ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

BINGHAM.—The immense variety of play in the first twenty moves makes such a suggestion as yours unnecessary, but it may interest you to know that it has been tried in the Glow-worm Tourney without striking success. We think you overrate the difficulties of a "book player" in the cases you mention—at any rate, as a general rule.

F N BRAUND (Ware).—Games to hand. Many thanks.

A A McCulloch (Montreal).—Yes; second thoughts are better.

REV LOPEZ (Peckham).—Mr Smith, 19, Tressilian-crescent, Brockley, will give you the information desired.

D C (Lancashire Inn).—The game shall be submitted to analysis, but we could not publish it without having the name of your opponent.

J CROWTHER (Bowdon).—Your problem is ingenious, but of a kind we rarely publish. May we keep it for Christmas time?

M S S (London, EC).—So far as it goes your problem is well constructed; but there is not enough variety in the mating positions for publication.

MRS KELLY (of Kelly).—We make a note of your request.

E O'GORMAN.—Correct now, and marked for insertion; but we cannot say when it will appear.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2365 received from A A McCulloch (Montreal) and Forrester; of No. 2366 from Emil Frau, J W Shaw (Montreal), the Rev J Wills (Barnstable, Mass.), and A A McCulloch; of No. 2367 from J J B Hallingbury, R F N Banks, John G Grant, Joseph T Pullen (Lancaster), H E W Grant (Bain), and M C Shann; of No. 2368 from Joseph T Pullen, Raymond Steinforth, A W Hamilton Gell, W H Reed (Liverpool), Fr Fernando (Dublin), Amicus, Isomny, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), the Rev Winfield Cooper, H Cooper, C E Perugini, W R Ralston, F Burton, G F Henry Love (Leamth), H S B (Ben Rhydding), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), and M C Shann.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2369 received from J Hall, J Heyworth Shaw, Nicol, W Biddle, T Roberts, Dawn, F G Tucker, R Warters (Canterbury), Thomas Chown, J C Taber, A Newman, J Dixon, Mrs W J Baird, W R Ralston, J Coad, N Harris, Julia Short, R F N Banks, Emil Frau, Fr Fernando, A W Hamilton Gell, E Londen, Howard A, J Armstrong, Challice, Sigma, J Coad, Geo Julian, Dr F St, Walter Hooper, Lacking Spicer, James Paul (Tulse-hill), R H Brooks, Hermit, D McCoy (Galway), G J Veale, Columbus, Riffeman, G Moore, W H Reed (Liverpool), F G Washington (Siccup), E E H, Shalforth, Dr Walz (Heidelberg), Rev I, Matson (Bedford), Rev H Thomas, J D Tucker (Leeds), M C Shann, Mrs. Kelly, T G (Ware), J Wright, H Beurnann, H S B (Ben Rhydding), Hereward, W Henry, F G Rowland (Shrewsbury) Bingham, Chit (Geneva), J C Ireland, Soberides, J J B (Hallingbury), W H Phillips, G Josling, R Steinforth, F Dawkins, and W S Stewart.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2367.—By D. MACKAY.

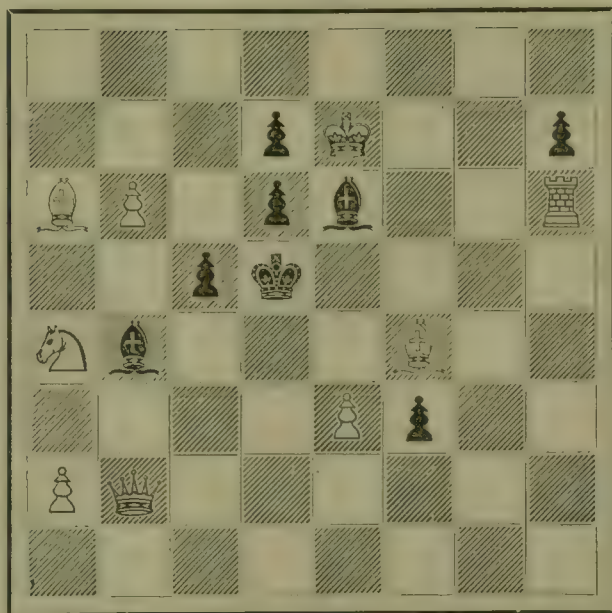
WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to B 7th. P to Kt 4th
2. R to Q Kt 6th. Any move
3. Q or Kt mates.

If Black play 1. R takes P, then 2. Q to Kt 5th (ch); if 1. P to K 6th, 2. Q takes B (ch); if 1. Q Kt or B moves, 2. Q to B 4th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2371.

By J. E. HERBERT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

BRESLAU TOURNEY.

Game played between Messrs. GOSSIP and HARMONIST.

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18.	K to B 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	19. R to R 6th	K R to K sq
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	20. Q to B 2nd	B takes Kt
4. Castles	Kt takes P	21. Q takes B	Kt to Kt 4th
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 3rd	22. B takes B	R takes B
6. P takes P	Kt takes B	23. R takes B (ch)	K takes R
7. P to Q R 4th	P to Q 3rd	24. Q to K 3rd (ch)	K to B 2nd
8. P takes Kt	Kt takes P	25. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
9. R to K sq	P to K B 3rd	26. Q to B 5th	

If B to K Kt 5th, Q to Q 5th gives White a good game.

10. Kt to R 4th. B to K 2nd

11. P to K B 4th. Kt to B 2nd

12. Q to K 2nd. P to Q 4th

Black's position is bad, and it is difficult to find a way to improve it. P to B 3rd seems best, and if 13. P takes P, P takes P followed by P to Q R 3rd, with a view of defending the attacked B with Q R.

13. Kt to Q B 3rd

Here White should have played 13. R to R 3rd, K to B sq (best); 14. R to Q 3rd, P to B 3rd; 15. P to Q B 4th with a winning attack.

13. P to B 3rd

14. P takes P

15. Kt to B 3rd

Premature, Black can now pin the Kt, and secure some freedom. P to Q Kt 4th or P to K R 3rd would have served White's purpose.

15. B to Kt 5th

16. P to Q Kt 3rd. Kt to Q 3rd

17. B to R 3rd. Q to Q 2nd

18. B to B 5th

Here, again, the capture of the B would have been stronger, although it is not certain that it would have won. 18. Q takes R (ch), Q takes Q; 19. B takes Kt, Q takes R (ch); 20. R takes Q (ch), Kt to Q 2nd; 21. B to B 5th, &c.

At this point Black's game is slightly superior, as will appear in a later note.

26. R to Q B sq. R to Q B sq

27. Q takes R P. Q takes Q (ch)

28. R takes Q (ch). K to K 3rd

29. R to Q R 2nd. K to B 4th

30. P to Kt 3rd. K to K 5th

31. K to B 2nd. K to Q 5th

32. K to K 2nd. K to B 6th

33. K to Q sq. R to B 2nd

34. K to B sq. P to Q 5th

35. R to R 8th. P to Q 6th

36. P takes P. P to Kt 5th

37. R to Q 8th. K tks Kt P (dis. ch)

38. K to Q sq. K to Kt 7th

39. P to Q 4th. P to Kt 6th

40. P to Q 5th. K to R 8th

Black should now have played R to R 2nd, when the game would have continued: 41. P to Q 6th, K to R 8th; 42. R to Q Kt 8th, P to Kt 7th; 43. K to B 7th, R to R 7th, which apparently wins, though the ending is an interesting one.

41. R to R 8th (ch). K to Kt 7th

42. R to Q 8th. R to Q R 2nd

43. P to Q 6th. K to R 7th

44. R to Q Kt 8th. R to Q R 3rd

45. P to Q 7th. R to Q 3rd (ch)

46. K to B sq. R to B 3rd (ch)

47. K to Q 2nd. R to Q 3rd (ch)

48. K to B sq. Drawn game.

The first Amsterdam Chess Congress has been brought to a conclusion with the following results in the Masters' Tournament:—

1. Burn	Score	7
2. Losker	"	6
3. Mason	"	5½
4. Van Vliet	"	5
5. Gunsberg	"	4

Mr. Burn is to be congratulated on his success, which, coming so soon after the American and German contests, speaks volumes for his stamina, especially as his progress has been steadily upwards. The strain of recent hard work evidently told on Mr. Gunsberg, but the position of Mr. Van Vliet, a well-known player of Purcell's, in Cornhill, is distinctly creditable. Mr. Loman disappointed his friends, but his play was not up to his usual form.

The Earl of Strafford has given, as the site of a rectory for the parish of Chipping Barnet, an acre of ground close to the National Day and Sunday Schools of the parish, and within easy distance of the church.

The nineteenth Autumn Picture Exhibition of the Corporation of Liverpool is decidedly superior to the successful show of last year. There are close upon 1500 pictures on view, and a particularly choice collection of sculpture and bronzes. Several of the Royal Academy pictures of the year have found a place in the Liverpool Galleries.

THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.

The Colony of Victoria occupies the south-eastern portion of the Australian Continent, and extends from the 37th to the 39th degree of latitude and from the 101st to the 150th degree of longitude. Its superficial area is 87,884 square miles, somewhat less than that of Great Britain; its extreme length being 480 miles from east to west, and its breadth from north to south 240 miles. It is bordered to the north and north-east by the colony of New South Wales, from which it is separated by the river Murray; to the west it is bounded by the Colony of South Australia; to the south and south-east, its shores are those of the Indian Ocean, Bass's Strait, and the Pacific Ocean.

Attempts had been made to colonise this portion of the Australian Continent so far back as 1803; but the first permanent settlement in Victoria was formed at Portland Bay in 1834, when Mr. Edward Henty landed from the neighbouring Colony of Tasmania (Van Diemen's Land, as it was then called), and soon began to till the soil, run and breed stock, and carry on whaling operations. Others followed, but the absence of good land in the immediate vicinity of the port, and the openness of the Bay, which rendered it unsafe for shipping during the prevalence of certain winds, caused it to be thought an unsuitable site for the chief town. This was eventually founded at the northern end of Port Phillip Bay, by two parties—one led by John Batman, who landed on May 29, 1835, and the other by John Pascoe Fawkner, whose party arrived at the site of Melbourne on Aug. 28 of the same year. Both these parties were from Van Diemen's Land; and they were soon followed by others from the same island and from Sydney, who brought stock with them, and began to push their way into the interior. These were met by Major (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel Sir) Thomas Mitchell, who, entering from New South Wales on the north side, and traversing a considerable portion of the as yet unknown territory, was so struck with its wondrous capabilities that he named it "Australia Felix"—the aptness of which name a subsequent knowledge of the geniality of its climate, the excellence of its soil, and the then unexpected richness of its mineral treasures has fully justified.

The reports of Sir Thomas Mitchell and the success of the first settlers caused great excitement, not only in the Australian settlements but in the Mother Country. Herds of sheep and cattle, driven overland from New South Wales, speedily occupied the best parts of the new territory. Every available vessel capable of floating was put into requisition to bring passengers and stock from Van Diemen's Land; and, after a time, shiploads of emigrants began to arrive from the United Kingdom. Regular government was first established under Captain William Lonsdale, who, having been sent from Sydney to take charge of the district, landed on Sept. 29, 1836; and on March 2 of the following year Sir Richard Bourke, the Governor of New South Wales, visited it, and named the metropolis Melbourne. Mr. Charles Joseph La Trobe arrived on Sept. 30, 1839, having been appointed to the principal official position in the settlement, with the title of Superintendent, which was changed to that of Lieutenant-Governor when, on July 1, 1851, it was separated from New South Wales and erected into a separate colony, under the name of Victoria.

The separation of Victoria from New South Wales was the result of strong and persistent agitation by Victoria. But it must be remembered that at that time communication between Sydney, the capital of the parent colony, and Melbourne, by a coasting voyage, took at least three weeks, whereas now an express railway train runs each way daily, occupying a little more than one night. The next few years were remarkable in the history of Victoria. Gold was discovered by a shepherd towards the end of 1848, but he kept his discovery secret for some time, and only revealed it two years later to a friend who nursed him through an illness. It was in 1851 that the existence of gold became an established fact, and it was soon discovered in such quantities as to spread the fame of the Victorian goldfields throughout the civilised world, and a great and sudden influx of population was the immediate result. The largest nugget ever found was discovered by a party of diggers at Dunotly, and named by them "The Welcome Stranger." It weighed 2280 oz., and represented a value of nearly £10,000. During the height of the gold fever large fortunes were made, and in many instances recklessly squandered, and men who flocked to Victoria from all parts of the world underwent strange vicissitudes of riches and poverty, and all more or less hardship, at the "gold diggings." After a time, some discontent arose among the diggers, in consequence of the oppressive character of the mining regulations, which culminated in riots, which occurred on the Ballarat goldfields towards the end of 1854. The disturbance was soon quelled, with some bloodshed on both sides, and the grievances complained of were afterwards redressed.

A new Constitution, giving responsible government to the colony, was proclaimed on Nov. 23, 1855, and since then, though political struggles have been frequent and party feeling has at times run high, these circumstances have had no permanent effect in setting class against class, or in any way lessening the good feeling which exists between all sections of the community. At times commerce has been depressed, but this has soon revived; and the material prosperity that the colony has enjoyed, upon the whole, is perhaps without a parallel in the history of any country.

A few facts, taken principally from the Victorian Handbook, which has been specially prepared for the Victoria Commission of the Paris Exhibition now in progress, may be of interest to our readers.

Climate.—"It is the finest climate in the world." Such is the verdict of all colonists who have resided in Victoria. The season termed winter is simply the period in which there is more rain and less warmth than in summer. Few residents of the low-lying portions of Victoria have seen snow fall; but in the higher altitudes it is plentiful in the winter. On the mountain ranges there is occasionally a thin covering of snow, which may whiten the ground for a few hours. The native trees are always green, and do not shed their foliage during the winter. On the other hand, the European trees planted in the colony undergo the usual transformation. Cattle and

THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.



MELBOURNE IN 1837.

sheep remain in the open air the whole winter through, and fatten on the winter pasture without extra fodder. Farmers in Europe and America, who know what the expense and trouble is of organising winter quarters for their stock, can understand the advantages Victoria possesses in this respect. The mean temperature of Melbourne is 57·3 deg., and is about equal to that of Washington or Marseilles; while the average rainfall is 25·75 in., approximating with that of the Isle of Wight.

Soil and Agriculture.—The soil of Victoria is of volcanic origin, very friable, and of a brownish colour verging into chocolate. It is so rich as to be adapted to all kinds of vegetation without requiring fertilising accessories for periods of many years. The average yield per acre, extending over a period of seventeen years, for the principal crops is— for wheat, 12 bushels; oats, 16 bushels; barley, 20 bushels; potatoes, 3½ tons; hay, 1½ ton. In the last twelvemonth, the extent of land returned as under cultivation amounted to 2,576,405 acres, as against 2,417,582 acres in 1886-7: the increase shown by the figures was, therefore, 158,823 acres.

The average area in cultivation to each person in the colony was about 2½ acres in the year under review, as against 2¼ acres five years previously, and 1¾ acre ten years previously. The Colonial laws afford great facilities of taking up land for cultivation: any person can take up 320 acres for agricultural purposes, payment being arranged at the rate of 1s. per acre per year until 20s. per acre are paid, with the option of either paying the balance of 20s. after the seventh year, or allowing payments to extend over the entire twenty years, the former meanwhile enjoying possession. An Agricultural College has also been established in which pupils may train for agricultural pursuits. Fruits grow in abundance, and experience has proved that all the different kinds grown in England and Central Europe succeed equally well with those produced on their native soil. Already, Australian apples have found their way into the London market; and it is only a question of ascertaining an absolutely safe means of transport to assure a great future for this branch of industry, as the reversing of the seasons ensures the arrival of the early kinds in London when the English market is practically bare.

The vine-growing industry claims separate mention. That a great future in this line is in store for Victoria has long been apparent to those who have watched the commercial progress of Australian wines in Europe; and, since the Colonial Exhibition in London, the imports into England have increased by leaps and bounds; while the Paris International Exhibition is destined to add to the reputation these wines have already attained. With a climate and soil admirably adapted to the vine in every respect, it is simply a matter of time and patience to bring the conditions of soil and the manufacture and treatment of the wines into touch with the requirements of the home markets. The art of wine-making has not yet had the time to attain the same degree of perfection as in France. There exists in the colony no centre of viticultural industry, as yet, even in miniature, resembling that of Bordeaux. But there is the certainty of a great fortune to be gained by establishing in Victoria large cellars to store wines purchased from the small growers, which would be stored until the proper degree of maturity had been reached for racking and bottling. There is also a want of French experts to instruct the Australians in



MELBOURNE IN 1889: VIEW LOOKING SOUTH.

THE COLONY OF VICTORIA.



THE EXHIBITION BUILDING, MELBOURNE.



COLLINS-STREET, MELBOURNE.

the art of manufacturing champagne, as well as the ordinary white and red wines.

As is well known, wool and gold are the two staple products in which this colony holds the highest position. The value of wool exported in 1887 was over five millions sterling, and the quality is indisputably the finest in the world. The production of gold, which had steadily fallen off since 1858, is now about stationary, but the opinion still holds that there are large quantities of gold yet undiscovered in the colony. In manufactured goods great progress has been made in the last few years, and, in spite of the large importations from Europe, there are few objects either for necessity or luxury that the colony is not in a position to supply locally.

With regard to work and wages, Victoria, like the rest of Australia, is the "working-man's paradise." Domestic servants' wages are especially high. Labourers, mechanics, and artisans all enjoy a far higher rate of wages than in Europe, while the necessities of life, meat, vegetables, bread, &c., are less dear than in Europe. But the workman and his family eat meat three times a day, and buy new clothes at least once in six months. The labour organisation represented by trade

unions is in a more advanced condition than perhaps in any European country. Every year, in the month of April, there is held a workmen's fête, called "Eight Hours Day"—i.e., the anniversary of the custom, now almost universal, of the eight-hours system—this being now the settled period of a day's labour; and it has been permanently established without any law other than that of custom. There is a grand procession through the city and suburbs, headed by banners and music; it is looked upon as a more important demonstration than the Lord Mayor's Show in London, being frequently viewed by the Governor and his Ministers.

The railway lines and telegraph system in Victoria are the property of the Government, and have been constructed with capital partly borrowed in the London market for the purpose. The public debt of the colony has been contracted principally for railways. A large number of new lines have been recently constructed, and the total amount now open is considerably over 2000 miles, while lines are being made at the rate of 300 miles per annum. The loans contracted by Victoria can scarcely be looked upon as an ordinary debt, inasmuch as it is well known that the railways could at once be sold for more

than the amount of the total debt of the colony. The revenue from the railway is more than sufficient to pay the interest on the national debt of the colony.

The metropolis, the city of Melbourne, is one of the most beautiful capitals of the world: it is also the most important and populous city of the southern hemisphere. Including the suburbs lying within a ten-mile radius of the Townhall, it contains 450,000 inhabitants. It is laid out in the American fashion, with streets at right angles, very wide and well paved and lighted. A large number of trees are planted in the principal thoroughfares, adding greatly to the appearance of the city. The buildings are not only fine, but many of them possess great merit from an architectural point of view. The cathedrals (each religion with its own), the Houses of Parliament, Treasury, Townhall, Post Office, Law Courts, Custom House, University, Public Library, clubs, theatres, and many other buildings vie with similar public edifices in the Old World. The various banking institutions are in buildings which would adorn a European capital. The river Yarra, originally little better than a large ditch, has been widened and deepened so that even now large ships drawing 20 ft. of water are brought



THE FEDERAL COFFEE PALACE, COLLINS-STREET WEST, MELBOURNE.



THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE, MELBOURNE.

THE COLONY OF VICTORIA AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



FERN SCENERY OF VICTORIA, ON THE QUAI D'ORSAY.



ALLEGORICAL PICTURE OVER THE COMMISSIONERS' ROOM, VICTORIA COURT.

up to the shallow shores. This process is still going on, and the depth is to be 26 ft. The shops and warehouses would compare favourably with those of the great cities of Europe. The city is furnished with a cable tramway system, which is recognised as the best existing. The tramways run through the principal streets to all the suburbs, and have a total length of about fifty miles.

Everything which renders life easy and agreeable may be found in Melbourne. The prosperity of the city is shown not only by the suburban mansions of the rich, but also by the thousands of charming villas and cottages spreading many miles out from the town, and giving an air of well-being and contentment it would be difficult to find elsewhere. The humblest cottage has its water-supply, including a bath. The large reservoir known as the Yan Yean, situated about twenty miles from Melbourne, furnishes the total supply for the city and suburbs, reaching during the summer months a daily consumption of 29,000,000 gallons.

There are many fine public parks and inclosures in and around Melbourne. In no town in the world has the working man more enjoyments and privileges. There is no State

religion, all creeds being equal in the eyes of the law. Churches are sustained entirely by voluntary contributions. The State provides education, which is free of cost, secular, and compulsory. The parents of those children who do not attend the State schools are obliged to furnish a proof that their education is carried on privately. For the higher grades of education, there is the Melbourne University, to which many persons who set foot on Victorian soil without a penny are now in a condition to send their children. There is also a Working-Men's College, founded by the late Hon. Francis Ormond, a Commissioner for the Paris Exhibition, which has already 2000 pupils. Women are admitted, on equal terms with men, to an institution which, if not to be compared with the great Conservatoires of the Continent, proves at least that the value of technical instruction is recognised in Victoria. The Public Library, Picture Gallery, Museum, Botanical and Zoological Gardens, offer combined recreation and instruction to the mechanic as to the clerk and shopman. A large number of scientific and literary societies exist in the city, besides mutual aid societies, musical societies, orphanages, benevolent institutions, mostly on the scale of those in great European centres. In the matter of

amusements, Melbourne possesses fine theatres—of which the Princess's Theatre would be worthy of London or of Paris—and numerous concert-halls. But it is principally in the open air that the Victorian takes his enjoyment. Australian cricketers are too well known to require any comment; but football matches are next in favour, sometimes attracting 20,000 spectators. Horse-racing is very popular, and the gathering on the Cup Day at Flemington may be compared to the Derby or Longchamp as a brilliant assemblage, without that roughness which, to the sensitive mind, is often a drawback to the enjoyment of the course at Epsom.

But Melbourne is not the only large town in Victoria, although by far the most important. Ballarat, the City of Gold, is situated about eighty miles in the interior, and is in many respects a fine city, the streets being modelled to some extent on those of Continental towns. Sandhurst ranks next to Ballarat in importance. There is also Geelong, on Port Phillip Bay, once the rival of Melbourne. At both Sandhurst and Ballarat are schools of mines, to which are attached museums containing technical and geological specimens, models of mining machinery, and geological plans. Geelong



GOLDEN GATE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE VICTORIA COURT.



THE VICTORIA WINE BAR, ON THE QUAI D'ORSAY.

THE COLONY OF VICTORIA AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



THE VICTORIA WINE CHALET IN THE TROCADERO GARDENS.



VICTORIAN WOOL CASES, AS SEEN FROM THE BRITISH COURT.

is in the centre of a pastoral district, and is also noted for its manufacture of tweeds.

Progress of the Colony.—It is hardly fifty-three years since the first European settled in Victoria: now it contains over 1,100,000 inhabitants. The colony has a network of railways in every direction, and is dotted over with prosperous towns. The imports are valued at over £20,000,000; the exports, at £14,000,000. Last year the gold production was 625,000 oz., value £1,270,000; the value of sheep and cattle raised was £9,000,000; and the agricultural produce, £7,500,000. The revenue of the colony for the present year is estimated at about £9,000,000.

There are in every direction State schools, churches, newspapers—of the latter, five appear daily in Melbourne. There is an Observatory, of which Victoria is justly proud; and the naval and military forces are large in proportion to the population. Volunteering is popular throughout the colony, and the number of men between the ages of twenty and forty is over 100,000. Victorians are proud of their colony; but they are also proud to have British blood in their veins. More than 95 per cent of the population is British or of British origin, and England is always spoken of as "home" even by the youth of the colony, who learn the expression from their parents.

There is a fine field in this colony for men of energy and enterprise, for an immense part of the country still remains to be opened up. The tendency in Victoria, as elsewhere, is to

centralise in the towns, and the urban population represents a proportion of more than one-half the entire colony. Probably too many give their attention to the manufacturing industry, and young women prefer the shop and factory to domestic service, although the latter is more lucrative and less laborious. The most desirable immigrants are, on the one hand, domestic servants, on the other hand, farmers, vigneron, and, in fact, all those who turn their attention to the cultivation of the soil.

In reviewing the colossal advance made by the colony in its short existence of fifty years, one is inclined to ponder on the possible future to so brilliant a beginning. To show the advantage that such a colony is to the Mother Country, the 1,000,000 population resident there made purchases during 1888 from outside sources to the extent of £24 per head of the entire population, probably the largest purchasing power of any community of the known world.

Victoria has often raised her voice in favour of the Federation of Australia. It is a pity that a more representative show of the united colonies was not made at the present World Show in Paris. It has fallen principally, almost entirely, to Victoria to represent the Australasian group, when it should have been a matter of Federal action. But time slipped by, and it was too late to take concerted action. The Government of Victoria appointed a Royal Commission, with the Hon. W. F. Walker, the then Commissioner of Trade and Customs, as president, and Mr. E. A. Huybers as secretary, in Paris, together with a

representative body of Commissioners. Exhibits were confined principally to the natural products of the colony, such as wine, wool, gold, specimens, &c., and, though the show can hardly be said to fairly represent what the colony is capable of producing, the representation has been a great success, and the nature of the awards has proved that in the staple products of wine and wool the colony can hold her own against the world.

There are three separate courts. One is situated in the main building, close to the British Commission; a second is on the Quai d'Orsay; while a separate wine chalet is built in the Trocadéro Gardens, close to the western wing of the Palace. The accompanying illustrations will give a good idea of the general appearance of the courts. On the Quai d'Orsay, the representation of Victorian natural scenery has proved a great attraction, and the Australian ferns have flourished splendidly. A special feature is the native encampment showing the *mia mia*, or native hut, as constructed by the natives.

Although the official list of awards has not yet been published, it is understood that the Victorian wines have won a grand prize (the highest honour obtainable), also nine gold and twenty-eight silver medals—an average which places Victoria in a first position as a wine-producing country. The wool, leather, and timber exhibits have secured high honours; and a grand prize has also been awarded to the Commission for the beautiful collection of ferns.



VICTORIAN SECTION, QUAI D'ORSAY: VIEW LOOKING WEST.



THE BROKEN HILL GOLD TROPHY, IN THE VICTORIA COURT.

AUSTRALIAN "IRRIGATION COLONIES."

The most interesting experiment that has yet been made by any of the Governments of Australia for the development of the resources of the soil is now being carried out in Victoria and South Australia, where two large tracts of land, each a quarter of a million acres in extent, are being devoted to the establishment of "Irrigation Colonies." They are situated within seventy miles of each other, on the banks of the Murray, the most important and abundantly fed fresh-water river in the vast continent of Australia.

The Murray is more than 1500 miles long, taking its rise in the snow-clad mountains of the east coast, and flowing between the territories of Victoria and New South Wales and through that of South Australia to the sea. Being thus not entirely dependent on rainfall, its volume is always more or less considerable, while its total drainage area is not less than 300,000 square miles. This great river has numerous tributaries, the most important being the Darling and the Murrumbidgee, each of which is above a thousand miles in length and often contains an immense quantity of water, being then navigable to a very great distance. The Murray itself is always a flowing stream, varying in depth, however, from many feet to such shallows as in dry weather somewhat impede navigation; but it may be said to be more or less

navigable at all seasons of the year for vessels of suitable draught, while the vast body of water which it contains during several months, when its fertilising liquid is most in requirement by the cultivator of the soil, affords an unlimited field for the operations of water storage and irrigation.

The Australian Irrigation Settlements have been established by special Acts of the Parliaments of the two Colonies in which they are situated: the Victorian settlement is called Mildura; the other, in South Australia, is Renmark. The work is being carried out by the Brothers George and William Benjamin Chaffey (originally from Ontario, Canada), who had previously distinguished themselves by the creation of a most successful Irrigation Colony in Southern California, where the production of wine and fruit has attained remarkable dimensions within the last few years. A prominent and generous feature of their undertaking was the erection and endowment by these gentlemen of an Agricultural College, which is now a thriving institution; and it is a noteworthy fact, in connection with the gigantic undertaking which they have entered upon in Australia, that they have provided for the erection and endowment of a similar institution in each of the Murray Irrigation Colonies.

Messrs. Chaffey have entered into engagements with the two Colonial Governments, by which the immense areas appropriated to this purpose on the Murray will be transferred

to them (and through them to the purchasing settlers, who will become absolute owners or freeholders) in portions of not less than 640 acres, from time to time, as their operations extend, and as the conditions are fulfilled under which such grants are progressively made. These conditions mainly are that they shall construct irrigation works and carry out improvements of a stipulated value, during the term of years over which the work of developing those territories must extend. During the first year and a half which has elapsed since these agreements were ratified, they have, it appears from the official report, expended double the amount agreed upon. They have, consequently, received Crown grants from the Government of Victoria alone embracing an area, in the Mildura Colony, of between 7000 and 8000 acres, upon which are already settled upwards of 900 persons. They have constructed upwards of twenty miles of main irrigation channels (about 20 feet wide), and erected pumping and other machinery, involving a provision of steam-power (on the ground and to arrive) of between 3000 and 4000 horses: while an extensive area has been cleared and planted, and the nucleus of a considerable town fully surveyed, cleared, and laid out in streets and broad avenues (to the extent already of some twenty miles), hereafter to be planted with shade trees. The same general particulars apply also to the sister colony, Renmark, where, although the progress made has not been quite



ORANGE-TREE GROWING AT MILDURA.



SITE OF THE TOWN OF REMARK, LOOKING TOWARDS THE RIVER.



SITE OF THE TOWN OF MILDURA, LOOKING FROM THE RIVER.

THE AUSTRALIAN IRRIGATION COLONIES ON THE MURRAY RIVER.

so considerable up to the present time, it has been on a very extensive scale.

The *South Australian Register* of Feb. 25, speaking of the progress which has been made in both colonies, remarks: "It is impossible to read the account given by our special correspondent of what has been done without a feeling of wonder and admiration. Every week and month sees a substantial amount of additional work done. The whole of the settlements are inclosed with secure rabbit-proof fencing, the present extent of which at Mildura alone is over 102 miles. There are powerful steam ploughing-engines employed to do the rough work of clearing, &c. Steam brickworks are in active operation, supplying the settlers with materials for building purposes. There are also extensive engineering works; the telegraphic and telephonic communications are already provided; and the completion of railway communication with Melbourne is now fairly under way. The chief avenues of the towns of Mildura and Renmark are being graded and planted, and a considerable and rapidly extending amount of house-construction is constantly going on. Schools, clubs, churches, museums, boarding-houses, banks, and stores are everywhere rising, many of them being substantial and handsome buildings."

The climate is favourable to various kinds of cultivation, which can be carried on, in an exceptional degree of excellence, as regards quality and quantity of the crops and fruits produced. The irrigated gardens on the banks of the river, which have been for many years under cultivation, contain fruit-trees in mature growth, which yield abundantly. Oranges, lemons,

figs, apricots, peaches, nectarines, olives, mulberries, grapes, apples and pears, and almost every description of desirable fruit and vegetable product, may be seen growing in perfection; while the great areas of vines and trees, which have been recently planted, have made astounding growth. Messrs. Chaffey have brought over some forty experienced fruit-growers from the great fruit-producing districts of California, so as to ensure the establishment of the business of irrigation fruit-farming in Australia in all its various branches, and in its most advanced and improved methods and practice.

The various productions of the Irrigation Colonies will be sent to the different Australian markets, and the overplus will be exported to Europe and elsewhere. The local demand, however, will alone tax the energies of the cultivators for years to come. Dried or preserved fruits are at present imported from abroad under heavy duties and to the value of three-quarters of a million pounds sterling.

In addition to fruit and wine productions, the ordinary agricultural crops will be raised, together with vegetables of all kinds, for home and colonial consumption. The frequent recurrence of droughts—from the effects of which the irrigation settlers will be absolutely secure—will make the production of fodder crops an exceptionally profitable business, as, having abundant water always at command, these can be raised in almost any desired quantity, and will often be saleable to very great advantage.

The prospective profits upon the horticultural undertakings are put exceptionally high, being estimated (on the basis of results attained under analogous conditions elsewhere) as

from £40 to £50 up to over £100 per acre annually. It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that persons of all classes are showing themselves eager to participate in the wealth-producing industries which can here be carried on under such peculiarly favourable conditions.

Many persons in good circumstances have already gone out from Great Britain to settle at the Irrigation Colonies, and many others are having land cultivated for them by Messrs. Chaffey Brothers, as vineyards or orange orchards, with the intention of occupying the same three or four years later, when the fruit-trees have come into profitable bearing. This is done at a fixed scale of charges, and is regarded as an excellent investment, the minimum annual outlay involved in this direction being from £50 to £60 upwards (including the cost of land). The absentee proprietor thus easily acquires possession of a valuable orange-grove or vineyard which he or some member of his family may later carry on as an agreeable and lucrative business.

It is confidently anticipated that in a very few years these two colonies will become great and thriving commercial centres, thus realising the expectations formed of them at their inauguration in 1887, when the late Governor, Sir Henry Loch, in his Viceregal speech at the opening of the Victorian Parliament, observed: "The enterprise has been welcomed in every part of the colony as likely to enrich us with a new territory."

The London office is situated at Cornwall-buildings, 35, Queen Victoria-street, where Mr. J. E. Matthew Vincent, who is the Chief Commissioner in Europe, supplies all requisite information to intending settlers.

A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

Strange that it should rest there, just on the edge of the railway platform. Another whiff of wind would have carried it over the edge, and out of sight among the stray bits of paper and odd rubbish below. But it had its own purpose to achieve, and so it remained, a bit of wild purple blossom from the moors amid all the hurry and smoke and dust of a metropolitan railway station. Presently a passer-by picked it up—a tall, weary-looking man in a dusty tweed jacket and badly worn boots, but whose soft yellow beard and clear blue eyes made women look kindly at him sometimes as he passed them. He did not know how the bit of blossom had come there. He had not seen it drop from the breast of its fair young owner a few moments before, as, wearied with the long day's travel from the north, she stepped from the express to be welcomed by a knot of friends. He thought merely that it might have dropped from some basket of game carelessly fastened. But it was fresh and unsoiled yet as when it grew upon the peat, and a peculiar look came into the man's eyes as he turned the spray between his fingers, and looked at the fair little florets, the bit of rough green, and the hard, red-purple stem. He did not throw it away again, but walked on out of the station, carrying it still in his hand.

Whether he went need not be set down here. It was half-past seven o'clock, and he went home. A small single room up two dingy flights of stairs in a house where many lodgers were kept, that was his place of rest now that his day's work was over. Once inside, he closed the door and looked round him. Since he left the attic in the morning a change had taken place in him. Then he had not noticed, or if he did notice had not much cared, how shabby the place was—how mean and threadbare the carpet, how dingy the unwashed window, how sordid the narrow bed and rusty fireplace. Now he saw all this, and saw it with disgust; and he knew that it was the sprig of heather picked up on the station platform which had wrought the change. Old thoughts, old instincts had awakened within him; old memories were stirring in his heart. "Seven years of this!" he articulated to himself. "Much good my proud thoughts have done me!"

The servant, an overdriven London maid-of-all-work—a slattern, poor girl, by force of circumstances—presently brought in his tea and set it before him; but it was left to grow cold unheeded. He was sitting in the only chair in the room, leaning forward, the bit of purple still between his fingers, his thoughts far off amid other scenes, busy with the pictures of the past.

Early morning in the breakfast-room of a grey old mansion in the north. Sunshine streaming in at the open windows, the glitter of silver and white linen at the table, and the tinkle of coffee cups; the fragrance of the steaming urn, and the delicacy of the rich fare; above all, the soft, pleasant laughter of fair cousin graces. Then the crunching of wheels upon the gravel outside as the shooting party began to arrive; the loud, hearty voices of greeting in the hall, and the tramp of heavy boots, mixed with inquiries as to the prospects of the day. Again—after the long glorious hours of marching on the moors, across wastes of purple heather, green bracken, and fragrant myrtle, with the startling whirr of the grouse coveys and the crack-crack of the guns—the return in the evening, flushed with the large air and the sunset; the bright dresses of the girls on the terrace, and the eager questions about the luck of the day as the party gathered in and the bags were

counted. No wonder that in the dingy London attic the dreamer's tea remained untasted!

In the morning early, he gave up his room. "I am going home," he said; and no one but Sally, the luckless maid-of-all-work, shed a tear when he went away. She, however, poor thing! blubbered outright when the door was fairly closed upon him and she looked at the crown-piece he had put into her hand at parting. Before he went he had looked earnestly at his own face in the cracked mirror on the wall of his room, and at sight of the weary lines there and the shadows about the eyes he had shaken his head mournfully. The years in London had taken from him what would never again come back—the sorrowless, elastic heart of youth.

A day later and the sprig of heather has made its way once more to Scotland, travelling inside the worn pocket-book of its chance finder. More than once by the way he has looked that pocket-book through. One or two faded photographs, a few scraps of writing, an old invitation to a wedding, are all it contains; but each of these has its own memories, and suggests its own wistful train of associations. Seven years have gone since the last of these memories was made, and now he is returning to take up the broken link of the chain. How will he be received? The bit of moorland heather lies fresh and sweet beside the faded mementoes of old days.

And now he has turned his back upon the railway, and, leaving his scanty belongings to follow, is threading the familiar field-paths and leafy lanes of the place he is once more fain to call home. Dusk is gathering about the fields, and a shadowy restfulness invests the cornstooks in the quiet places where the reapers have been at work during the day. All the air is full of the sweet country scents—red-stalked queen o' the meadow still flowering by the edge of the mill-lade, and stray tufts of large pink clover which have escaped the mowers. Every breath brings with it a memory; and sweet as dew out of the gentle sky, under the familiar hedgerows of his boyhood, the peaceful atmosphere of the old life seems settling back upon his heart.

But he has reached the avenue gates—a quiet, moss-grown place under plane-trees in the bend of the road. And here, suddenly, dark as the foreboding shadow of disaster, come back to him the bitter thoughts of his heart at last passing the spot. Trembling, he sits down by the wayside, and the whole scene lives again before him. His return from the wedding of a friend, high-hearted with the buoyancy that belongs alone to youth—to youth quaffing the champagne of social success. It was the last scene, though little he thought so then, of that old-time joyous life—the brilliance of the sunshine before eclipse. And how sudden the eclipse had been! The blackness of an elder brother's brows, and the cruel words—who could bear them before the servants and before that dearer one, even though the elder brother was the house's master? Cruel words and ungenerous, however inspired—"Pauper!" "Penniless dependant!" Was it a wonder that he waited for no more, but fled—fled out into the darkness here, where even the trees seemed friends to him no longer, and the gates clashed harshly at his back with hostile jar? Then the years in the city, the long, embittered years; the ill-success that was only to be expected of hands which had never been taught to work; the want sometimes, and the weariness always. And now he has returned, a saddened man, sick at heart with hope deferred, fearing to have to confess to himself that his has been a wasted life. Only, the years have brought a change of thoughts. Blood, after all, is thicker than water,

and friendships are few in life. It is worth while to forgive a great deal if only we may retain our friends. And so he has come back, if for no more than to shake hands and to go away again. What changes will he find?

"Hi, there! Open that gate, will ye?"

Startled thus abruptly from his thoughts, the lingerer not only opens the gate for it, but stops the doctor's carriage, and, greatly to the coachman's surprise, steps inside.

"I am glad you have come back," says the old family physician, when explanations have been made and the brougham is whirling them swiftly up the avenue: "Your brother is dangerously ill."

A few minutes more and they are in the sick-chamber, consulting with the nurse in an undertone as to the patient's condition. All is still in the room, the lamp turned down and the curtain of the bed drawn to keep away the light.

"Is there nothing you can do, doctor? No stimulant?"—

The physician shakes his head—"Too late, my friend!" Here a sound comes from the couch—"Henry!" and, though the voice is weak and hardly audible, it has a tremulous, eager energy.

The newcomer turns quickly and approaches the bed. The patient is trying to sit up, and his haggard, worn face and anxious eyes are piteous to see.

"Henry!" he repeats; "my brother! Your coming, your forgiveness are the stimulants I want! And you have come back—you do forgive me, do you not? Ah! how often have I repented that night, those bitter words—and sorely have I needed a friend. And," this in a lower tone, "she would not have me, after all. She has waited for you, Henry. There is nothing that is not yours—nothing I will not do!"

A curious look has come upon the grave doctor's face. The brothers have altogether forgotten him. Their arms are round each other, and a light is in their eyes that there is no mistaking. He turns to the nurse with a smile and a significant nod, and the two withdraw. Their ministrations will hardly be needed now.

G. E. T.

The Duke of Cambridge inspected the troops at Woolwich on Sept. 7, and subsequently laid the memorial-stone of a Cottage Hospital for Woolwich and Plumstead.

Sixteen steamers arrived at Liverpool during the week ending Sept. 7 with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports, the total arrivals being 5237 cattle, 555 sheep, and 15,815 quarters of beef.

Captain Wylie won the gold medal of the North Berwick Golf Club, which is the blue ribbon of the meeting.—The annual handicap for the Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase among the members of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club was concluded on Sept. 5 over the St. Andrews Links. There were thirty-eight competitors. Mr. A. F. McFee (scratch) won the final round, and secured the custody of the trophy for the year.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Mr. John W. Harvey, master of the Napier, of North Shields, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the Domingo, of Sunderland, whom he rescued at sea on Nov. 27, 1888. The Board have also granted the following awards to the crew of the Napier's life-boat, which rescued at great risk a portion of the crew of the Domingo: A silver gallantry medal to Thomas Potts, second mate, and a bronze gallantry medal and a sum of £2 each to John Welch, Olaf Bagge, Fred Boos, and James Smith, seamen.

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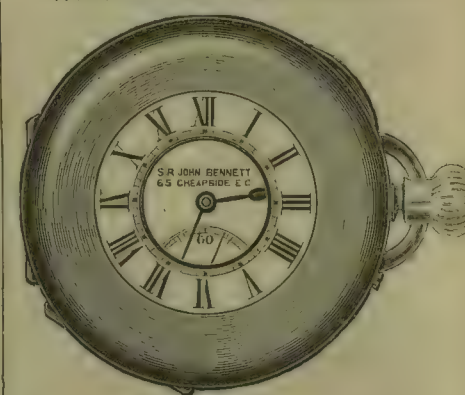
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Everybody is out of town now: even the members of Parliament who have bravely held to their posts to the last are at length released. To hear the English talked all over Switzerland, one might suppose that Parliament and the Church and Society at large had emigrated to the land of glistening lakes and glorious peaks. Up here at the Riffelalp especially, where Herr Seiler's beautiful hotel is crowded to its fullest extent without intermission, there seems to be nothing talked but English.

Among the visitors whom we have met at this Alpine station, the most illustrious have been the Queen of Italy and the Primate of all England. The Queen, who has the reputation of being the best-dressed woman in Europe, bore out that fame by wearing a perfectly sensible mountain costume. It consisted of a scanty skirt, short enough to show the feet and ankles covered by gaiters and thick boots, and a Norfolk bodice of grey tweed, worn with a very broad-brimmed grey felt hat, trimmed with white ribbon. It is quite sad to see some women climbing in tight-fitting bodices, with skirts that they have to hold up all the time. The absence of weight and of inconvenience counts for much in the hard exertion of climbing, even from Zermatt to the Riffelalp Hotel, and thence to the Gorner Grat. Each of these expeditions is about three hours' steady toiling up hill, without the relief of a bit of level ground all the way. This is a child's play to real mountaineering, of course; but it is a sufficiently serious undertaking to women used to living in town, and to no harder exercise than an hour's tennis or a couple of miles' walking along a street. Tight stays and long or draped skirts are handicaps which are severely felt; and as suitability in dress is the foundation of real charm, it follows that the women in foulards, dainty prints, or closely fitting tailor frocks look badly dressed, while such dresses as that of Queen Margherita are charming in their ease and neatness.

From the Riffelalp Hotel the view of the Matterhorn and several other snow-clad peaks is very interesting. But the Gorner Grat, a rocky peak three hours' higher up, affords probably the most magnificent view of snow-fields and glaciers that can be had with easy climbing. It is a fairly hard pull up, but there is a road all the way; it is even possible to ride on a mule, if one likes that mode of progressing up a steep path; so that there is hardly any danger and comparatively little trouble in getting there. Yet around and beneath us from that point of view stretch some of the most magnificent of the Alpine glaciers, and a whole circle of frowning peaks, with their heads wrapped in the white mantle that King Winter gives them, and that they will not put off for all the warm entreaties of Lady Summer. The brilliant shining whiteness of a field of Alpine snow cannot be imagined. It is like no other whiteness that the human eye ever sees: so pure, so calm, so brilliant of sheen beneath the vivid sun's rays. Queen Margherita went to the Gorner Grat, accompanied by a small posse of English from the hotel—an attention which she acknowledged, when about to drink some wine after reaching the Gorner Grat, by raising her glass and saying in a loud voice, in our own tongue, "I drink to the English nation!" She also ascended the Breithorn, but was carried in a chair a good part of the distance.

One of the strangest cat stories that I have ever heard appertains to a little black-and-white kitten that is now at the Riffelalp Hotel, which is an hour higher than the Riffelalp. A gentleman (whom I met at the hotel), accompanied by a very well-known guide, Alois Burgener, made the ascent of

the Weissthor from Macugnaga, on Aug. 29. On a peak 3000 ft. high, over two hours' solitary journey up the mountain from any human habitation, they found this kitten. She suddenly appeared before them, coming from the shelter of a block of stone. They stopped and gave her some meat, and when they went on she followed them, as though aware that her only hope of salvation was in this human company. When they came to wet snow she mewed piteously, but persevered after a few words of encouragement. So she climbed steadily up with the men for four hours more. On the summit of the Weissthor they fed her again when they took their own refreshment; and then the guide found room for her in his sac, and carried her down the steep descent to the Riffelberg. How poor pussy ever came to start on that wild journey is a mystery. It is strange, too, that she should have perceived the necessity of following the men, no matter where or for how long. She is a funny, wild-looking kitten, with two white legs on one side and two black ones on the other, and of a restless disposition that prevents her keeping still for many minutes. One moment she is looking out of the window keenly, as though debating which mountain she will go up next; another instant she is on the table studying my pen. She has an active, enterprising soul, clearly. But what was she thinking of when she started on that nine-hours journey over the Weissthor, I wonder?

An interesting little item in this cat's story is that Mrs. Benson, the Archbishop's wife, offered to adopt her and carry her to England, rather than that she should be killed. Mrs. Benson said that she certainly did not want the trouble of carrying a cat about, but she would undertake it unless the manageress of the hotel would promise that the adventurous pussy should have a comfortable home there permanently.

There are many accidents occurring daily in this entrancing country that never reach the public ear. To-day it is a young man who had his fingers frozen inside his calf gloves in going over Lyskamm, and will be obliged to have two of them cut off. Again, it is a man who has broken a leg, and has lain wearily for a month in the hotel. Very often, however, the accident is the result of some stupidity on the part of the sufferer. We saw a lamentable accident occur, which may serve as an illustration. A young woman had got on a mule's back to descend the mountain; the porter had left the animal's head for a moment; the rider had not even hold of the reins, and she chose that identical instant suddenly to flash up a large white umbrella. Naturally, the animal was frightened; nobody who knows anything about horses would dart a white object rapidly before the eyes of one without even holding the reins to control the animal. So the mule reared, and the girl was thrown and dragged round by the plunging creature, and passed, in one sad moment, from a picture of bright health and happiness—for one is so happy on the mountains!—to the condition of a shocked and suffering invalid. It was very sad to see; but the intrepidity with which people who cannot ride will mount and endeavour to be at their ease on these rather obstinate and foolish mules, in which the excitability of the horse and the selfish stupidity of the donkey are combined, deserves another name than courage.

Another American girl has carried off an English husband of position. Miss Jennie Chamberlain, who has been one of the "fashionable beauties" ever since she attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales at Homburg some five years ago, has married Mr. E. Naylor Leyland. The bridegroom is in the 2nd Life Guards, and his parents have one of the most magnificent houses in London. It is a fine building, with windows looking into the park, at Albert Gate, and it is furnished with

a magnificence that puts to shame the older splendour of the traditional "great houses" of town. Miss Chamberlain is very handsome, but yet more fascinating. Her figure is something like that of the Princess of Wales, but her complexion is more brunette.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

A PYROTECHNIC FESTIVAL.

No wonder the Shah remarked to the Prince of Wales that the splendid display of fireworks given in his honour at the Crystal Palace was the finest sight he had witnessed in England. The firm of Messrs. C. and T. Brock, of which Mr. Arthur Brock is now the guiding spirit, has gained a world-wide reputation for the brilliancy and magnificence of its pyrotechnic exhibitions. India and Australia, Portugal and the United States, have, in common with the United Kingdom, acknowledged Messrs. Brock to be past masters of their craft, which they have, indeed, developed into a fine art since they started their series of annual displays twenty-five years ago. That this tribute is but due to Messrs. Brock will be acknowledged by all who had the pleasure of seeing the superb pyrotechnic exhibition organised by them in the pretty grounds of the Crystal Palace on Sept. 5. There was one long round of entertainments during the day, proving what a fund of amusement may now be obtained at the Crystal Palace. In addition to the standing attractions of the palace, a diverting variety show, and the music of the best military bands, there was a bright exhibition of Brock's "daylight fireworks," a fresh feature of which was the distribution from aloft of ever so many yards of coloured ribbons and a leaflet called the *Empyrean Advertiser*. When the tasteful illumination of the Rosery and Pleasure-Gardens had been admired, and Mr. Oscar Barrett's fairylike terpsichorean spectacle of "A Golden Dream" had given new delight in the open-air theatre, the public flocked to the terraces to view the crowning firework festival. There were no less than 63,894 persons. One of the grandest sights of all was to see the huge, dense masses of people illuminated by the great magnesium star, which made the night light as day. This radiant novelty was a veritable triumph for Messrs. Brock, and gave much pleasure. Similarly successful were the funny fiery boxers, the fiery Léotard on the flaming trapeze, the fiery fighting-cocks, the whistling rockets (suggestive of a flight of gulls), the special aerial festoons of jewels, the floating silver crescents (another extremely beautiful new effect), the lustrous sheaves of silver and golden grain, the Niagara of fire, and the gorgeous set-piece of the Magic Garden, and the grand finale, which might have been designated "Atlas juggling with Rockets and Roman Candles." Well may such unrivalled firework displays as Messrs. Brock make each Thursday night in autumn be supremely popular at the Crystal Palace! The lawns and flower-beds here, equally with the noble old trees, are an unfailing source of delight.

Noted for the excellence of its flower-shows, the Crystal Palace fitly celebrated the centenary of the dahlia by a truly grand exhibition of this gay flower, some of the most beautiful blooms being forthcoming from Messrs. Ware, Tottenham; from Mr. Charles Turner, Messrs. Keynes Williams, of Salisbury; and Mr. H. Glascock, of Bishops Stortford. There was also a fine show of fruit on the occasion. It is pleasing to find the Crystal Palace maintaining its reputation, under the management of Mr. Henshaw Russell.

Her Majesty's composite sloop *Blanche* was successfully launched from Pembroke Dockyard on Sept. 6, this being the fifth launch from the dockyard during the present year.

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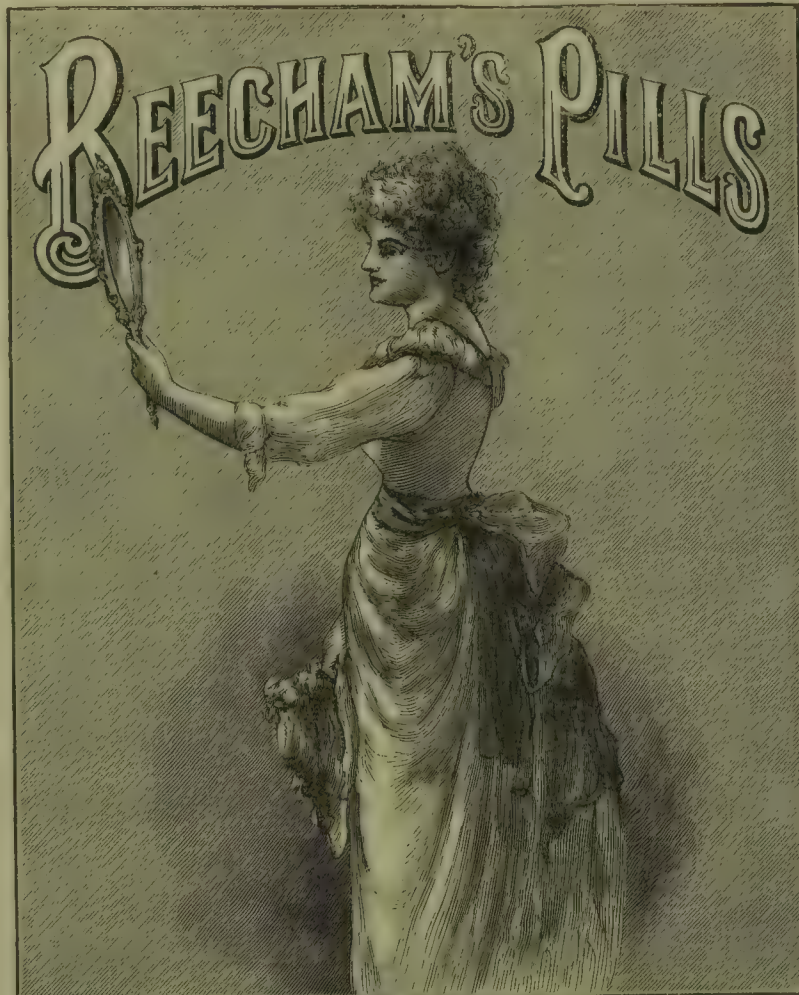
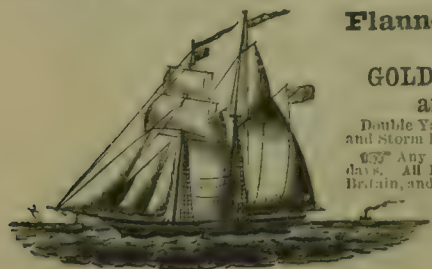
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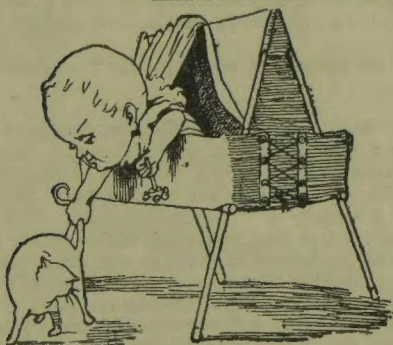
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Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain. Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, 8 St. C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's-green, W., Dublin, reports:—

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MARRIAGES.

In Bangor Church, near Belfast, on Aug. 31, Mr. Munro Ferguson, M.P., was married to Lady Helen Blackwood, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Dufferin and Ava. The eight bridesmaids were Lady Hermione and Lady Victoria Blackwood, the bride's sisters; the Misses Munro Ferguson, the bridegroom's sisters; Miss Ramsden, Miss Thynne, Miss R. Hamilton, and Miss Stephenson, cousins of the bride. The Hon. William Murray was the best man. Lord Dufferin gave away his daughter. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Armagh, assisted by the Bishop and Dean of Down.

A marriage was solemnised on Sept. 3, at Brompton Oratory, between Mr. Ernest Maude, son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Maude, of Elm Park-gardens, and Miss Mand Bullen, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Dennis Bullen, and granddaughter of the late Mr. Robert Gillespie, of Cambus, Wallace, Biggar, N.B.

At St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on Sept. 4, Captain Henry Alifrey, late of the 60th Rifles, of Hemingford, Stratford-on-Avon, was married to Miss Kathleen Elizabeth Hankey, second daughter of Mr. Sydney Allers Hankey, J.P., Deputy Lieutenant, Berkshire, of Heathlands, Wokingham, Berks.

Mr. George Hugh Whitehead, eldest son of the Lord Mayor of London, was on Sept. 5 married to Miss Gertrude Grace Ascroft, third daughter of Mr. William Ascroft, solicitor, of Overleigh House, Preston. The marriage took place in the old parish church of Preston, which was thronged. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. R. E. Whitehead. The bridesmaids were Miss K. Ascroft, sister of the bride; Miss Leila Whitehead, Miss Florence Whitehead, Miss Scott, Miss Edith Johnson, Miss S. Threlfall, and Miss Adela Margaret Ascroft Dickson, niece of the bride. The bride was led to the altar by her father. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were present.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, on Sept. 5, a marriage was solemnised between Mr. Herbert Naylor-Leyland, 2nd Life Guards, of Hyde Park House, Albert-gate, only son of Mrs. Naylor-Leyland, of Nantelwyd Hall, Ruthin, and Miss Jeanie Chamberlain, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, of Cleveland, U.S.A. Mr. P. Laming was best man. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by only one bridesmaid, in the person of her sister, Miss Josephine Chamberlain. Among the numerous presents were two from the Prince of Wales—a large diamond and pearl horseshoe brooch to the bride, and a diamond and ruby scarf-pin to the bridegroom.

Mr. Corbett, M.P., has offered to restore Dodderhill Church, at a cost of £1000.

Captain St. John Mildmay, who has been Secretary of the National Rifle Association since its formation in 1860, has resigned that position.

The *Gazette* of Sept. 6 contains General Grenfell's despatch to General Dorman giving an account of the battle of Toski, which was fought on the Nile on Aug. 3, and resulted in the rout of the Dervish invaders of Egypt.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, accompanied by several officials of the Trinity House, is on board the Trinity yacht Galatea, making a tour of inspection of the lighthouses on the Scotch coasts. He has inspected the southern and western coasts of England.

OBITUARY.

MARGARET, COUNTESS OF NEWBURGH.

Margaret, Countess of Newburgh, died on Sept. 3 at No. 35, Wilton-crescent, in her ninetieth year. This venerable lady was third daughter of Archibald, first Marquis of Ailsa, and was married Nov. 14, 1817, to Mr. Thomas Eyre, of Hassop, in the county of Derby. He assumed the title of Earl, under the erroneous impression that the peerage of Newburgh had descended to him; but the claim was set at rest in 1858, when the House of Lords decided in favour of the late Cecilia, Princess Giustiniani, whose son is the present Earl of Newburgh.

SIR JAMES LORIMER.

Sir James Lorimer, K.C.M.G., Member of the Legislative Council and Minister of Defence of Victoria, whose death is announced, was son of Mr. Thomas Lorimer, of Lochard-woods, county Dumfries, was born in 1831, and long since emigrated to Victoria, where he became President of the Free Trade League, and was the first chairman of the Melbourne Harbour Trust. In 1887 he represented the colony at the Colonial Conference, and in that year was made Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George. Sir James married in 1858 Eliza Sarah, daughter of Mr. James Kenworthy.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lucy Anne, Dowager Lady Huntingfield, widow of Joshua, second Lord Huntingfield, and third daughter of Sir Charles Blois, Bart., of Cockfield Hall, Suffolk, on Sept. 3, at No. 35, Regency-square, Brighton, aged ninety.

Captain John Inglis of Redhall, Midlothian, J.P., late of the 11th Hussars, on Sept. 3, aged fifty-nine. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. John Inglis of Redhall and Auchendinny, by Maria, his wife, daughter of Alexander Munro, M.D., of Craiglockhart.

The Hon. Edmund George Petre, third son of the eleventh Lord Petre, by Emma Agnes, his wife, daughter of Mr. Henry Howard of Corby Castle, on Sept. 1, at Bantry House, the residence of his son-in-law, the Earl of Bantry.

Mr. Edward Fenwick Boyd, J.P., for fifty years mineral agent for the Dean and Chapter of Durham, on Aug. 31, in his eightieth year. He was third son of the late Mr. William Boyd of Newcastle, a partner in the banking firm of Sir Matthew Ridley and Co. He will be long remembered in connection with mining operations in the North of England.

Lieutenant-General George Thomas Field, late Royal Artillery, on Aug. 30. He was son of the Rev. J. Field, Rector of Braybrooke, and was born in 1824. He served in the Crimea, was at the fall of Sebastopol, and in the expedition to Kertch, receiving the brevet of Major, the Legion of Honour, the Medjidieh and the Turkish medal. From 1863 to 1865 he was acting Governor of the General Hospital, Woolwich; and from 1866 to 1870 second Commandant and Inspector at the Royal Military Academy. He attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1885. General Field married, in 1858, Caroline, daughter of Mr. Dudley Christopher Cary Elwes.

The authorities of the Queen's College, Belfast, have resolved upon opening the medical classes to ladies. For some time past they have had before them applications from a number of young ladies who wished to enter medical classes with a view to studying medicine, and the medical faculty of the college have resolved to accede to the request.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE CITY.

The Library Committee of the Corporation of London have been empowered by the Court of Common Council to devote a sum not exceeding £1000 in the production of a new work in two volumes, illustrating, as far as may be, from the City's own archives the history of the City of London from the earliest times. The proposition proceeds from Mr. George Shaw, a member of the Common Council, and the object of the work is to show "the pre-eminent position occupied by the City of London, and the important function it has exercised in the shaping and making of England, the distinctive feature of the history being a record of the lives and deeds of those remarkable men who have filled in succession through seven centuries the highest civic office to which it is possible to attain, and an illustration of the influence of London and its Lord Mayors at many of the most critical periods of our history, which has turned the scale in favour of those liberties of which we are so justly proud."

The Library Committee, in their report on the subject, state that Sir John Monckton, the Town Clerk, had reported to them very fully on such of the Corporation records in his official custody as appeared to bear most nearly on the subject of the reference. It was only necessary to glance at the numerous items indexed under the several heads of "King and Queen," "Parliamentary," "Public Affairs," "Military and Naval," &c., to discover that the letterbooks, journals, and repositories of the City's records, embracing several centuries, contained such a store of information respecting the part taken by the City of London in the public affairs of the kingdom that any attempt to write a complete and satisfactory history of England or of London without their assistance would be almost or wholly impossible. Mr. Loftie, in his "History of London," drew largely for information as to the City's early history on these records, as did Professor Gardiner while writing his "Life and Times of Charles I.," and the committee think that had Macaulay availed himself of similar facilities and materials he would scarcely have treated so lightly the influence which the City directly exercised on the acceptance of the Crown of England by William III.

The committee are preparing for the production of the new work.

Mr. S. G. Richardson, of the firm of Messrs. Southern and Richardson, cutlery manufacturers, was on Sept. 5 installed with much ceremony Master of the Cutlers' Company of Hallamshire. In the evening he gave the usual cutlers' feast to upwards of 400 guests.

Police-constable Sly has been presented with a silver mug and a money present on behalf of Mr. Coryton, barrister, for bravery in jumping into the Thames and saving the life of a woman who had attempted to commit suicide on the night of Aug. 16. It was a dark night, but Sly unhesitatingly jumped into the water from the Victoria Embankment. With great difficulty he rescued the woman, his life being endangered by reason of her clinging to him and hampering his action.

By a decree of the King of the Belgians, Sovereign of the Congo State, elephant-hunting has been prohibited throughout the State, except by special permission. This is done in order to preserve the African elephant. It was stated the other day that 65,000 elephants are killed every year in Africa for the sake of their tusks. The wonder is that nothing has yet been done by the Congo authorities to domesticate the African elephant. He is stronger and larger (often taller than 16 ft.) than the Indian elephant.

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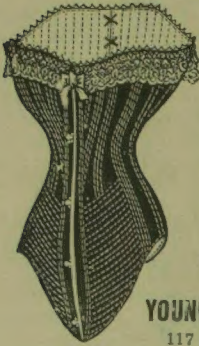
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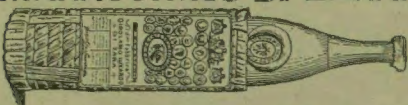
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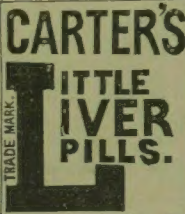


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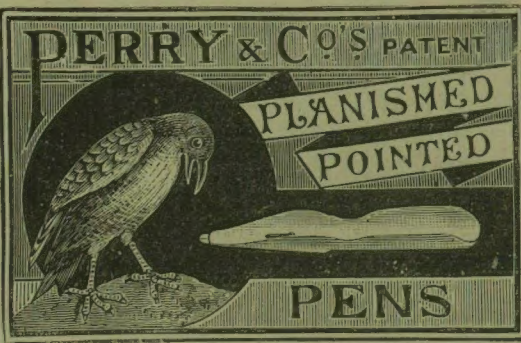
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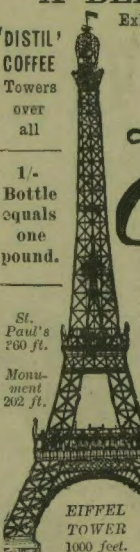
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